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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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"LE DEFENSEUR"—Cartoon by Daumier

News from Abroad

THERE is Chauvinism and Chauvinism. There is the jingoism of a Hitler, bent on the destruction of all non-Aryan (whatever that may be) influences within the borders of a nation supposedly fair-haired, blue-eyed, Viking from the word "go." This might be called quantitative nationalism, weighing one lump of thought, whatever the quality, against another lump, and discarding in toto the lump that fails to tip the scales. Stephen Decatur's was a quantitative nationalism: a messy concoction cooked up out of great gobs of "right" and "wrong," inextricably mixed. Quantitative nationalism leads to sick headache, blind spots, and the dropsy.

But there is another sort of nationalism that is simply a matter of fair observation. It can be expressed in a form which sounds like jingoism, but which is, as a matter of fact, simple intelligence. When George Jean Nathan emits one of his periodic *Spectatorial* warwhoops about the decadence of criticism, or reviewing, in the British Isles, with a concomitant swelling of pride over the local New York product, he sounds like Mike Fink or Davy Crockett yelling "I'm a ring-tailed roarer; cock-a-doodle-do." But for once the ring-tailed roarer shouts sense.

Two recent visitors to these shores have borne out what *The Saturday Review* said editorially in September of 1932 and what has been a growing suspicion among New York literary editors in general. They are James Truslow Adams, historian, and Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., one of the London correspondents of *The New York Times*. Each of these men, upon arrival this Spring in New York, complained of the deplorable log-rolling among English reviewers, the growth of an "I'll-scratch-your-back-if-you'll-scratch-mine" attitude. For a long time now it has been notorious that quotations from London reviewers, clipped by New York publishers for blurb purposes, have had little actual value as indications of quality. Indeed, publishers have, more than once, been all het up about getting the American rights to an English book, only to discover, upon inspection of galley proofs or the manuscript, that English reviewing, acclaiming the latest "masterpiece," has led them sadly astray. Yet American publishers continue to use fantastic London judgments for advertising purposes. It can only be a question of time, however, before the public gets on to what it already plain as day to those on the "inside" of the matter.

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The Law for Everyman

A JUDGE TAKES THE STAND. By JOSEPH N. ULMAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.90.

Reviewed by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

John Smith, taxpayer, not only lives in a world of law but he pays for the upkeep of the law's machinery. It is not merely when he goes to the polls on election day to cast his ballot for legislators and judges that he ought to have an interest in the processes that go into the making of the law. It is not only when he has to sue somebody or has to defend a suit brought against him that the law affects his life. Every day and all day he lives with his neighbors in a society governed by law. It ought to be a matter of first concern to him to know the nature of this force which is as essential to his well-being as the clothes he wears or the food he eats.

THE need which Judge Ulman thus describes in his opening pages is admirably met by his book. We have been waiting for such a book for a long time. Except for Mr. Justice Cardozo's "Nature of the Judicial Process" and a few biographies, the intelligent layman who wanted to know something about law found little to satisfy his desire. Much of the current hostility to law is due to this gulf between lawyers and the general public. Other professions are not thus cut off. A thoughtful citizen can learn much about medicine from popular writers like De Kruif, he has innumerable sources of information about engineering, and even recondite subjects like relativity and atomic structure create best-sellers. Law alone remained largely a mystery, but it need be so no longer.

Judge Ulman tells "what actually happens when cases are tried in court." His purpose is quite different from Mr. Justice Cardozo's. The latter's book is concerned with legal problems in their final stage, as they present themselves in the calm of an appellate court. Judge Ulman is a trial judge in Baltimore, who spends much of his time presiding over juries and listening to witnesses. He takes us down into the thick of the fight. Here lies his superiority over several writers who have unsuccessfully attempted to expound abstract rules of law to the public. They merely describe a motionless machine, but Judge Ulman shows it in operation and lets us see the wheels go round. During his eight years of judicial experience he has kept detailed note books of the cases that came before him. Realizing as he did that the trial of every case represented a

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Shaking the Pillars of Society*

By CHARLES A. BEARD

NORMAN ANGELL, like Socrates of old, is a very disconcerting person. He goes about asking questions, questions which challenge the current maxims and practices of the great and powerful—and the small and noisy. He does not think that he is God and appointed to "close" history, make a miscroscopic map of the future, and polish off a world utopia, but he believes that the world is crowded with stupidities, cruelties, and follies which might be abated if not eliminated entirely. For years he has been asking his questions. Why do nations fight? What do they want when they fight? What do they get when they fight? What are they afraid of? Do wars yield any valuable returns to victors or vanquished? What do the big fellows think they are doing when they set armies and navies in motion, now against this nation and now against that? Why is it that so-called educated persons, persons obviously and evidently superior by their own admission, take the lead in cooking up and circulating atrocity stories and other lies that are false and known to be false? Why all this misery and unemployment in a world of technology and high productivity?

Like Socrates of old, Norman Angell is regarded by many quite-proper persons as a bit of a nuisance. Years ago he wrote a book on war, called "The Great Illusion" (recently reissued in revised and expanded form), in which he carefully explained the difference between warfare in the good old days of the Hebrews and Hittites, when one tribe could fall on another, extirpate the men, and carry off the women, the flocks, the he-asses, and the she-asses, and modern warfare between nations knit together by ties of trade, capital investments, and cultural interdependence. He drew the conclusion that in the modern age wars do not "pay" anybody, except armament makers and profiteers. Thus war is shown to be poor "business." For this volume Angell was roundly abused by many of the great and the smart, and generally misrepresented. He was accused of saying that war is "impossible," when as a matter of fact he merely said that it is economically asinine. One of the omniscient Chestertons fell on him, accused him of materialism for considering the "paying" side of war, and explained to a delighted public that men fight for glory, honor, love, and noble motives. Admiral Mahan, who had been preaching materialistic *Machtpolitik* with a vengeance, reversed his pontification, declared that nations do not fight for substantial motives (such as seapower, trade, colonies, and filthy lucre) and bore down heavily on the New Testament virtues of fighting. Meanwhile practical statesmen in general took the position that Angell was a poor simpleton who did not know what he was talking about and proceeded to give a demonstration of the great illusion which cost millions of lives and billions of treasure. When Angell said that wars did not pay, he was called a dirty materialist, and when he argued that burning, poisoning, and disembowelling were not virtues celebrated by Jesus, he was called "an impractical chap." But he paid no attention to the epithets and kept on jumping up in public forums to ask disconcerting questions of gentlemen in high places.

Long after Angell published his book on the great illusion, Calvin Coolidge could rise at his inaugural ceremonies and say with his wonted solemnity: "The legions which [America] sends forth are not armed with the sword but the Cross . . . We extended our domain over distant islands in order to safeguard our own interests and accepted the consequent obligation to bestow opportunity and liberty upon less favored people." If Smedley Butler did not see the Cross over his head as he wiped up and mopped up in the Caribbean, evidently Mr. Coolidge's party, including most of our well-educated people, doubtless could rejoice in victory *in hoc signo*. Angell's irony had been wasted.

Now he comes back again, hammering away, asking questions. With a kind of pained surprise, he inquires: Has any sensible person believed since 1919 that it would be possible to extract all the billions in reparations demanded from Germany and at the same time put high tariffs on goods imported from that country? How can the United States hope to collect in full the war debts and at the same time shove up the duties on goods imported from the debtor nations to pay the said debts? Does any person in his or her right mind suppose that any manufacturing country can find ever-expanding outlets abroad for its exports and at the same time draw closer and closer its restrictions on imports? Yet many "great" statesmen seem to believe in affirmative answers; at all events, they announce, nay, vociferate, such answers in public places.

Why is it that politicians can say in public, "Water runs cheerily up hill," to the tune of thunderous applause? Angell takes a look at the people in a British industrial town crowded with proletarians

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* FROM CHAOS TO CONTROL. By SIR NORMAN ANGELL. Halley Stewart Lectures for 1932. New York: The Century Co. 1933. $2.

This Week

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THE MARTYR
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NOTES WITH A YELLOW PEN: VII
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week, or Later

LETTERS OF GEORGE E. WOODBERRY
Reviewed by John Erskine

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The Law for Everyman

(*Continued from first page*)

culminating moment in the life of somebody concerned therein, e made his notebooks a vivid record of what happens to men when they come into court, as witnesses, lawyers, or litigants, and so far as he could, why it happens. The liberal use of these notebooks in the present book gives the reader a keen sense of personal contact with the events described.

Five very interesting chapters deal with jury trials, especially in personal injury cases. Judge Ulman is accustomed, when the jury goes out, to consider the evidence carefully and write down what his verdict would be if he were trying the case without a jury. Later he compares this with the actual verdict of the jury. He has been impressed with the extent to which the results agree, but when they differ he endeavors to understand the reason. This process enables him to make many thoughtful comments on the jury system. He discusses the occasional disregard by jurymen of the legal rules laid down by legislatures and judges. We ought to be concerned with what really happens in court, not what is supposed to be happening there. The fact is that on matters like contributory negligence the jury often apply their own law, not that of the books. This makes for uncertainty, but may be a social safety-valve. At all events, jury-made law is just as important as judge-made law because most cases are not appealed. Judge Ulman recognizes that juries are affected by emotions peculiar to themselves, but he is careful to point out that judges in their turn are not governed by pure reason. It is simply that their emotions are driven in another direction by a different past experience. The judiciary consists in large measure of former successful lawyers who have been tied more closely than jurymen into the world of vested property interests, and hence he thinks their sympathies are more likely to run that way. This view leads him to make some stimulating reflections upon the power of a trial judge to take cases from
or grant new trials. One surpris-
lusion of Judge Ulman is that
not always, as is commonly sup-
ore favorable to the plaintiff than are judges. In several cases where he himself would have given a large sum, the jury brought in a small verdict or even found for the defendant. Judge Ulman thinks the explanation is, that juries are composed of persons whose incomes and range of experience do not enable them to comprehend the extent of the plaintiff's loss.

After a chapter for substitutes for court trials, such as arbitration and workmen's compensation, a device which might well be extended to automobile accidents, Judge Ulman under the heading "I Object" takes up some of the rules of evidence, so unpopular with laymen. His explanation of the reasons for excluding irrelevant testimony is excellent, but he gives insufficient treatment to the rule shutting out hearsay evidence. He praises the Maryland statute (also adopted in New York and elsewhere), which allows the introduction of complex business records without requiring every bookkeeper, foreman, and clerk who was concerned in their compilation to take the stand, as used to be the rule. But Massachusetts and Rhode Island have legislation which goes much farther, and lets in any statement material to the dispute which was uttered or written in good faith by a person who died before he could testify. It would be valuable to have Judge Ulman's opinion whether other states should not follow a course which has proved so satisfactory.

Two succeeding chapters contain a clear account of equity proceedings—too often obscure to laymen, with some telling remarks on the "shadow-boxing" of divorce suits; and a discussion of the power of courts to declare statutes unconstitutional, Judge Ulman reviews his own mental processes when he had to decide whether the Maryland Public Service Commission could validly refuse a ten-cent fare for the Baltimore street railways. He furnishes a telling rebuttal to the arguments of Mr. Jerome Frank and other writers that judges really decide cases as they wish and then conceal this fact under legal terminology. "Try as I might, I could bring myself to no other conclusion" except to find for the railways, in which he was later upheld by a majority of the Supreme Court, but, he says, "I still wanted to decide the other way." Clearly his own inclinations were toward the position taken by Justice Brandeis in his dissenting opinions.

Criminal trials occupy two chapters. They contain a strong argument for effective probation work, and relate how a convicted hold-up man with a good previous record was sent home under supervision to become later an asset to society, when he would have been an expensive liability in the penitentiary and afterwards a menace to public security. Especial interest attaches to the case of the murderer, Duker, which has received much prominence in the press. Judge Ulman tells how he sentenced Duker to death although in truth mentally irresponsible, because Maryland had no adequate institution where he could be confined for life. Governor Ritchie commuted the sentence. The considerations which determined several other sentences are well analyzed by the judge.

The final chapter on "Appeals" is not quite so good as the others, probably because its subject lies less within Judge Ulman's own experience than the rest of the book. Indeed, the strength of most of what Judge Ulman writes here lies in its first-hand nature. Both the facts related and his general reflections upon them have the vigorous freshness that comes from personal knowledge. The public will find here what they have long sought, and lawyers will profit greatly from the views of a judge who can see both sides, out of the courtroom as well as in.

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., the author of "Freedom of Speech," is Professor of Law at the Harvard Law School.

And Out the Other

IN ONE EAR. By FRANK SULLIVAN. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $1.75.

Reviewed by JOHN LARDNER

HIS publishers inform the public that Frank Sullivan is the frost on the pumpkin, the laughter of innocent children at play. To the limited number of persons who know him intimately, Sullivan has never been a minute ice crystal or a juvenile chuckle. He is an awkward, serious fellow who goes through life observing phenomena and taking notes. Readers affect to laugh at his work, but the truth is that Sullivan strips the tinsel from the ugly commonplaces of American life. He is as real an influence as Arthur "Bugs" Baer and considerably more real than Dreiser or "Moon Mullins." He has been in turn a stevedore, a milkman, a paid informer, a professional Texan, and a yogi. His new book represents, if anything, the sum total of his experience.

Ostensibly "In One Ear" is a collection of familiar essays, after the manner of Lamb and Hazlitt. Many of them, as Mr.Sullivan candidly acknowledges, have appeared in more or less the same form in various magazines. The funniest, if you wish to run with the mob and measure Sullivan by the yardstick of humor, is "Honorary Gun Moll," a mystery tale in which all the characters but one are killed off. To name this character would be to give away Mr. Sullivan's secret, and a stern code of ethics prevents the reviewer from revealing that the guilty party is 'arrison, the butler. (Conan Doyle has the same plot in one of his inimitable Sherlock Holmes stories. Mr. Sullivan says he has never read Doyle. *The Saturday Review* is not a court of law.)

The next best, as the reader will agree when he finally learns to distinguish one essay from another, is "Dear Old Paris." To this caption Mr. Sullivan adds the subtitle "Memories by One Who Has Never Been There but Has Heard and Read Plenty about It." The piece is very funny, if you can laugh off the author's bitter tirade against the people who refused to give him a passport. Lovers of Schopenhauer will enjoy "No! A Thousand Times,

FRANK SULLIVAN IN ACTION
By Old Doc Seuss

No!" and "Dixie Nocturne," while those who doubt the value of capitalism will find reassurance in "One Year Later" and "The Lesson of the Grand National." No institution or creed is safe from the vitriol of Mr. Sullivan's pen. Heroes are unmasked and idols trampled underfoot in the persons of Colonel Yancey Maffle, Dr. Axtel Wurzer, Marlene Dietrich Quick Wallingford, and Inspector McCooferty.

"In One Ear" is a valuable addition to any man's bookshelf. In his frequent asides to the reader, which do nothing to check the pace of the book, Mr. Sullivan represents himself as a stay-at-home, an idle spectator, content to let the world go by. The evidence does not bear him out. He seems to have been everywhere and done everything. His humor is universal and scrupulously clean. He borrows from Shakespeare, but Shakespeare was a notorious borrower himself, as Mr. Sullivan points out in a note to the Swan of Avon's heirs. As long as the present order endures Mr. Sullivan may not be widely appreciated, but he has his own little following. It consists of four bloodhounds and a posse of six men. According to the last reports, they have him trapped in a cellar in North Carolina.

John Lardner, son of Ring Lardner, is heading the posse of six men in search of Frank Sullivan.

Apropos of Robert Graves's modernized abridgement of "David Copperfield," which he has not read, G. K. Chesterton says to a correspondent of the London *Observer:* "Certainly, as a whole, I think all this modernizing is ridiculous. I entirely disagree with all this sort of altering. The best of the Victorian novels is, I think, that they are so full of padding, and that is what made them so comfortable. . . .

"I should say that in Dickens the good and the bad are so intermixed, in every page almost, that you could not make anything like a proper book of it if you were to cut it down."

My Father

By VIRGINIA MOORE

BECAUSE of him I cannot say this world
Is weary, or a failure, or a fraud,
Or that a lovely vessel must be flawed,
Or that the hopeful mind is not as brave
As any splendid action that we laud.

Because of him I cannot say the fall
Is sad, or that the winter is too hard,
Or that the spring by transiency is marred,
Or that the summer in its natural fields
Already by the coming frost is scarred.

Because of him whose mind is more my sire
Than body, and whose heart has been my grace,
I cannot say that man, whom years efface,
Is not the strong effacer in the end
Of all that's selfish, trivial, and base.

Armed in Cunning

THE DARK INVADER. By CAPTAIN VON RINTELEN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAMILTON J. SMITH

WITH the possible exception of Captain Yardley's "The American Black Chamber," none of the many books about espionage in the World War has so direct or significant a bearing on America as "The Dark Invader," by Captain Franz Rintelen von Kleist of the German Navy. I might add that in my opinion the only other book which matches it in interest is Martha McKenna's "I Was a Spy."

If von Rintelen's story is completely true this book is a document of the utmost historical importance. In any case it is an astonishing and thrilling account based on fact. For years I have had personal knowledge of many of the events, and I read from page to page with growing wonder at their brazen acknowledgment in print.

Von Rintelen came to this country to check the flow of munitions to the Allies. U boat warfare, if as complete as the German Navy had hoped, might have accomplished it. But, according to von Rintelen, all did not run smoothly with the German high command. Von Bethmann-Hollweg believing first that England would never declare war, and afterwards that her entry was a mere gesture, opposed plans for "ruthlessness." Later, on the protest of Ambassador Gerard, and after consulting the Kaiser, assurance was given the United States that U boats would be called off; but the Chancellor lacked courage to give the order to von Tirpitz. Von Rintelen learned of the promise to Gerard from the American naval attaché and repeated it. Von Bethmann-Hollweg denied it, according to von Rintelen, and the truth came out only when the written document was found in the State archives.

The greatest hindrance to German victory was the supply of munitions held by the Allies. It had to be stopped: and von Rintelen set sail to find a w
broken through the British b
der the protection of a forged
port, he landed safely on thes
began a series of activities which alone could have made our entrance into the war inevitable.

It soon became apparent that his original plan to buy up the American supply of munitions was impossible, and other means had to be devised. He fell in with Dr. Scheele, the inventor of the cigar-shaped detonator that contained two chambers for acids which, when mixed, were explosive and highly inflammable, and could be timed to go off by means of regulating the thickness of a copper disk separating the chambers. He used an interned liner for his factory and built up an orgazination for placing the detonators on many ships. He hints that it was one of these self-destroying bombs which sank the *Lusitania* and another which caused the destruction of Black Tom in New York Harbor.

It was also von Rintelen who approached Huerta and suggested to him in the Hotel Manhattan an attack by Mexico on the United States, and a Mexican alliance with Japan, in which event the United States would have need of her own ordinance. The Zimmerman correspondence, it will be remembered, was one of the chief causes of the final break, and inflamed public opinion to the highest extent. Another of his attempts was to rouse the Irish-American citizens against England.

Suddenly and without explanation von Rintelen was recalled. With no little animosity he blames von Papen, accusing him of using his name openly in cables. He was taken off the steamer in England and made a prisoner of war. The British Intelligence office had the German secret code in their continuous possession, and all of his activities in America were known. When we entered the war, he was sent to the United States, thrown into the Tombs, and sentenced to four years in Atlanta at hard labor.

Such espionage, carried on with the full knowledge and under the direction of important members of the German diplomatic corps (as the contents of a briefcase which was stolen from Dr. Albert by

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a resourceful agent convincingly proved) constituted, I believe, in the mind of President Wilson a final argument for ending neutrality. There could be no question that acts of war were committed on a wide scale within the borders of a neutral nation.

The supreme jest is England's possession of the German code, and Germany's stubborn refusal to alter it when obvious "leaks" were apparent. If England had not possessed it and if she had not turned over her confidential reports as soon as we became her ally, the efforts of enemy spies would have caused inestimable loss of American life and property. Thanks largely to Great Britain we were able to break at once the backbone of the entire machine, and at the very beginning to deport our enemies.

Hamilton J. Smith was attached to the Department Intelligence Office, Eastern Department, Governor's Island, throughout the war.

A Happy Breed of Men

COLONEL WEATHERFORD AND HIS FRIENDS. By GORDON GRAND. New York: Derrydale Press. 1933. $7.50.

Reviewed by ELEANOR LANGLEY VAN ALEN

MR. GRAND'S first book, "The Silver Horn," is already a collector's item in limited editions of recent sporting literature. The Derrydale, that press *par exellence* of handsome sporting books, has prepared a second uniform volume. Fifteen new tales are again illustrated by photogravure reproductions of J. Alden Twachtman's delightfully appropriate pictures. That peer amongst sportsmen, the gallant Colonel Weatherford, once more figures prominently in the majority of them. Stories of hunting, racing, fishing, and the show ring,—of dogs, horses, and the men who love them, whether in theme sentimental or romantic, humorous, or touching, gay or fantastic, they are distinguished alike by a mixture of wit and understanding.

Like Siegfried Sassoon, to whom it is not really daring to compare him, Gordon Grand has "the instinct for getting the full flavor of an experience." There is nothing of the lamp about his writing. These stories are as natural as though they came to life after dessert, with the brandy and the port.

No doubt the reader will recognize a certain poetic license in the author's depiction of "those evergreen country characters"; a display of overfriendly indulgence that amounts to grave illusion concerning the hard and straight ridin', four-square sportsman "types." There is a hint of danger too, here, that one can overwrite a character, however lovable, like the Colonel, as once was the case with Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Perhaps the author should now break the mould before it is too late. For it is rare indeed, to be able to effect often in a reader a real nostalgia for the outdoors,—to indicate the humanity rather than the inhumanity in sport. In this brief storyteller's holiday a timelessness has been achieved, like that by Mr. Grand's predecessor, David Gray.

As an enthusiast, I had believed nothing in this collection could touch the dignity and pathos of the story, "The Rector of St. Timothy's" in the first book. But I had not read another clerical tale in this second lot, "The Banshee Shadow Flies," where the narrator and the Colonel go fishing in Canada, and encounter the Reverend McCarthy McManus, the great Irish fisherman, who longs for a parish of his own after lonely years as "a wandering crusader" on the Arctic frontier. He wins the Colonel to his cause, when he catches a super-trout and loses his sermon notes in the act, all of an early Sunday morning.

In "The Vignette of a Lady," a great race horse is ruined in a local point-to-point; "The Galway Blazer, Gentlemen" is an outstanding story of a bull dog fighter; for mirth's sake, one could not do better than advise "The Training of Kerry's Own."

The charm of these tales remains almost inexplicable. In part it may be due to the evident affection (as well as familiarity) of the author for his subject; in part to his revelation of an inner spirit abiding perhaps unperceived in this "happy breed of men, this little world" of which he writes.

Shaking the Pillars

(*Continued from first page*)

who, according to the mechanics of Marxism, should rise up immediately and ring the death knell of capitalism. A gentleman by the name of Willoughby represents that anonymous town in Parliament. Who is Willoughby? First, he married Miss Tottie Trixie, the music hall star, a native of that town. Miss Trixie is known and beloved by all, even the newsboys in the streets. She sits on the platform when Willoughby is campaigning. She is the prettiest woman in all England. She speaks for Willoughby. He himself is a big, strapping athlete. He killed seven Germans with his own hands, as Miss Trixie never fails to remind her audiences. He is a member of the city football team and plays like a Trojan. On one occasion when a tie was threatened he kicked three goals against the Manchester United. By mandate of the sovereign people, Willoughby is a statesman and answers questions on international and domestic policies. Well may Americans thank God that they are not as these British!

Why is it that with all our powers of production and glutted warehouses millions of men and women are rotting in unemployment? Norman Angell thinks that there is a lack of coördination somewhere and that there will have to be a great deal of planning to overcome the hiatus between promise and performance. Can capital and labor, working together, plan economy in such a way as to obviate the distressing evils of economic collapse and unemployment? Communists are constantly saying that capitalism cannot plan, although a generation ago they were sure that capitalism was making the social order which labor was merely to "take over" and operate. Now communists think that capitalism is chaos and cannot plan at all. Norman Angell believes that capital and labor could get together and work out some kind of operating arrangements

THREE CARTOONS BY DAUMIER
Illustrating "The European Balance of Power"

which would make the economic system better balanced. British labor is willing to do some planning, but the conservatives will not let labor do it. The conservatives are willing to plan a bit, but they want to leave labor out of the picture. Angell is of the opinion that the use of reason in this case would help. Doubtless it would. Can capitalism plan? Can communism execute? There are many valiant publicists who feel competent to answer these questions and to demonstrate, Q. E. D., one way or the other. They can declare, but they cannot present the Q.E.D., because the answers are buried in the history to be, not in the calculus of mechanistic economics.

Why do we muddle so in these critical days? Norman Angell thinks that we muddle so because our education is abstract, unreal, and gives us false notions of the world in which we live. Do we not teach that man, particularly the British man, the French man, or the American man, is a noble, upstanding, intelligent creature, a lot better than foreigners, that man is not a wretched sinner here below but a kind of human angel, that wisdom presides in our legislatures, executive chambers, and courts, that our eminent citizens and pillars of society are self-sacrificing creatures bent always on the public good (even when eminent citizens and statesmen accept the offer of fellow eminent citizens of a place in on the basement floor of stock offerings about to be made to the public)? Do we teach man as he is—good and bad, selfish and unselfish, loving and hateful, generous and mean? Do we parallel our histories of public virtues with histories of private corruptions? For the answers, see the text books and reports of patriotic societies on "the teaching of patriotism."

Norman Angell offers a little program in civics. He would teach the social sciences in such an exciting way as to give scholars a lively sense (a) of the dangerous anti-social side of human nature as well as its great potentialities; (b) of the way in which man has used his intelligence increasingly to shape his impulses to social ends; (c) of the essential insecurity, vulnerability, precariousness and imperfection of human society, the fact that man is always experimenting with it, and some of the conclusions to which those experiments of the past and present point; what hope and what warning they embody; and the principles of social action which seem to emerge; and (d) to make the whole process a means of developing the skill for seeing the meaning of facts, of drawing the socially useful conclusions from them.

There is one important reason why this cannot be done; that is, if this heresy were widespread a lot of politicians who teach that the Constitution and the multiplication table are identical in nature would be retired from control over education. Education is what it is because politicians are what they are and politicians are what they are because education is what it is. Can the circle be broken? Possibly, if there is statecraft in education itself to replace "the science of education."

Charles A. Beard, who recently issued a revised edition of his and Mary Beard's "The Rise of American Civilization," is editor of "A Century of Progress," published this week by Harpers.

The London Conference

THE LONDON CONFERENCE. By DONALD B. WOODWARD. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. 35 cents.

THIS pamphlet points toward the London Economic Conference. Mr. Woodward arranges, point by point, the problems that must be settled before any semblance of order is introduced into the contemporary world. The stabilization of currencies, the return to gold bullion bases, the raising of world price levels, the removal of restrictions upon the free movement of capital, the lowering of tariffs—these are some of his prescriptive tonics. They are, as he says, based on *laissez faire*. But Mr. Woodward realizes that "controlled production" may be "the way out." In this case we may expect to see its political reflex in more of the nationalism which he deplores.

The American Duality

THE LONG ROAD HOME. By JOHN MOODY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

"THE worth while story has to do with the unfolding or shriveling of a soul," says Mr. Moody gallantly, at the beginning of what is both a religious and a business autobiography. His is a career with a Wall Street background; his is also the experience of conversion to the Catholic faith. Thus there is emphasized once more a characteristic American duality, too frequently ignored. The transplanted Anglo-Saxon has grubbed hard for money, but has retained a consistent inner restlessness which sometimes finds expression in an arc of shy but genuine spiritual beauty. Of course Mr. Moody has been more than the customary honest man. His financial writings possess obvious integrity, and his life was an undeviating prelude to the religious fulfilment it has found.

From the business point of view, this is the narrative of another self-made man. The Jersey City of years ago was a hamlet where eight-room houses, comfortable and close to the ferry, rented for $25 a month. Still, a parent blessed with twelve children and addicted to investing in stocks did not provide for his son the education ardently desired. The hard road onward accordingly led through counting-houses, brokerage offices, newspaper sanctums, and idealistic forays into politics to that hard-boiled eminence from which a mature John Moody could gather the business and financial information that made his statistical service the Bible of money-making America. Contacts with other men helped to determine this career, and it is for pen-portraits of some of them (notably George Foster Peabody and Adolph S. Ochs) that many will turn to Mr. Moody's book. As a whole the picture of America here offered is not prepossessing. But the ink has a tincture of gall rather than of vitriol, and can do nobody anything except good.

The intellectual and religious experience which gives the volume its title and chief significance is representative as well as personal. John Moody was a reader and questioner always. He does not claim to have been a philosopher or scholar, and it may be that much which made a deep impression upon him will not greatly move youngsters of a newer generation. But of his relentless honesty there can be no question. In many ways his cast of mind suggests Edison, whom the same points of view, queries, and problems interested. How, after the skepticism which took the place of early Protestant belief had led to moral quandaries which simply had to be solved, he turned to the Catholic Church, is a story which need not be outlined here. To me the secret moving force is described in the following sentence: "If there is a God at all, He is the Creator, not the cosmos; and if the Creator, He would have to be 'personal'—He could not be 'impersonal.' This was always for me the final answer." In these words one sees expressed, quite unconsciously perhaps, the reason why, despite everything, Catholicism makes so powerful an appeal to the American.

Mr. Moody concerns himself relatively little with Protestantism, which he seems to have abandoned early in favor of the philosophers. The issue in his case was that prevailing disregard for moral standards which he discerned in business as well as political life— a disregard which he did not share and which he may rightly claim to have defied at the cost of many personal sacrifices.

By reason of these things John Moody's book has a greater spiritual significance than might at first sight appear. It is written straightforwardly, is perhaps just a little too spare. But there is nothing unwise in it, and there rings everywhere a hard and irresistible honesty. I think it a genuinely valuable contribution to the many-sided story of the American.

George N. Shuster is Managing Editor of The Commonweal.

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Harry Davison

HENRY P. DAVISON: The Record of a Useful Life. By THOMAS W. LAMONT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

MR. LAMONT'S book of reminiscences of his friend and partner, Henry P. Davison, is partly a biographical sketch, drawn with an affectionately intimate hand, but equally a description of the great financial episodes which gave to Davison his opportunity for achievement. The book is a running narrative of events in which Davison participated, written with clearness of expression and at times giving a vivid picture of the outstanding financial episodes of the day and of the part which he played in them individually. The personal elements in Davison's success—his clear and immediate grasp of a financial problem, his driving force in setting at work the machinery for solving it, his wide acquaintanceship and strong influence through such contacts, his unsparing expenditure of his own vital energies, and his keen sense of humor—are not the less convincingly portrayed because of the author's restraint and simplicity of style.

Davison's rapid rise to a conspicuous place in the banking community, his successive advancement from one place of high banking responsibility to another still more important, have often been described. He had reached the presidency of a New York City bank at the age of thirty-five; in hardly more than a decade thereafter he had successively occupied the vice-presidency of the First National Bank, had organized the Bankers Trust Company, and had become a Morgan partner.

When in 1908 the reform of the currency was first projected in the reports of the Aldrich Monetary Commission, Davison threw himself wholeheartedly into the work. Not previously an expert in currency matters, he familiarized himself rapidly with the subject, went with the other committeemen to inquire into European central bank systems by actual contact with their managers, and at the end was himself frequently called to Washington to explain in private to public men the nature of the problem .

The next important financial episode in which Davison cut a figure was in the controversy of 1914 over continuance of gold payments on America's foreign obligations when the war broke out and when foreign governments had proclaimed a moratorium on the debts owed by their own markets. The task of convincing the reluctant New York City bankers that, under any circumstances, contracted gold payments must be neither postponed nor repudiated, notwithstanding financial Europe's postponement of its maturing indebtedness to America — converged on the dilemma of the City of New York. Against this municipality, short-term loans stipulating payment in gold and amounting to £13,410,000 at London and 61,500,000 francs at Paris, were due to mature before January, 1915.

Through the strong effort of a few public-minded financiers, the plan at last was reached of assessing upon the banks pro rata the amount of gold with which, if gold exports were required, the City's foreign obligations could be met. The description of this incident in Mr. Lamont's book, is made up of a special memorandum written by the late Dwight W. Morrow, then one of the Morgan partners. Morrow remarks of the negotiations that "the organization of the group of banks was peculiarly the work of Harry Davison. His wide knowledge of the bank personnel, his unusual combination of courage and persuasiveness, made him the man best fitted in New York to enlist the cooperation of all the banks." At the same time, a highly important part in the alignment of the banks to provide for all other necessary gold payment abroad, and the consequent maintenance of the gold standard during the war (practically single-handed) by the United States, was largely due to the driving force and intelligent grasp of the situation by Davison. Through this courageous attitude ıited States was created the inter ıtua-tion in which London's historic claim as the international money centre had been relinquished to New York.

In the negotiations for the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan of 1915, the same influences came into play; so did Davison's organizing capacity, and his power to overcome opposition, of which there was abundance during the canvass for this loan. Mr. Lamont recalls that "the organization necessary to handle the Anglo-French loan . . . required the largest group for distributing bonds ever organized in the United States. In it were 15,070 members, representing all parts of the United States. Its managers consisted of 61 banks, trust companies, and investment houses in New York City." The loan was an emphatic success. The narrative of the successful placing with investors is extremely interesting; many Americans have forgotten the circumstances of that first important venture of American capital in large-scale financing of foreign governments.

HENRY P. DAVISON

It was in May of 1917 that Davison assumed directorship of the American Red Cross as chairman of its War Council. Davison has told his own story, but Mr. Lamont emphasizes some aspects of this episode which could best come from another hand than Davison's. For instance, it is pointed out that, notwithstanding the prejudice against high finance at the White House "the war had not been under way a year before Davison had won Mr. Wilson's *complete confidence*." Mr. Lamont writes:

> Men were attracted to him and freely gave him their affection, their confidence and their loyalty. He still had the simplicity, the humor, and the enthusiasm of the companionable boy who had grown up in the Pennsylvania hills. He had the clearest of vision and a mind, operating with speed and directness, that went almost unerringly to essentials. He was disciplined in manner, tolerant of intelligent opposition, and considerate of the other man's viewpoint and feelings. And behind these talents were high courage and great power of mind and body.

Mr. Lamont recalls discussions of how much of a war fund needed to be raised for the Red Cross.

> Various estimates were suggested, none of which exceeded $10,000,000. When it came Davison's turn to speak, he said impressively: "We are going out for $100,000,000." Bliss says you could have heard a pin drop, and then came a chorus of protests; but Davison was immovable. "You fellows do not realize," he insisted, "what the Red Cross could mean to the American people in time of war."

From that time on, Mr. Lamont remarks that "nobody spoke or thought of anything else than Davison's 'impossible' $100,000,000." The first drive actually brought $117,000,000.

There is an occasional vivid sidelight, in Mr. Lamont's narrative, on the extraordinary incidents which occurred in international finance during the first years of the war. Late in 1916, the British Exchequer had proposed to sell in the New York market, through the Morgans, Treasury bills of the British government by way of anticipatory payment for the increasing war material purchases in America. The Federal Reserve Board had declared the operation undesirable, from the viewpoint of American finance; the Chancellor of the British Exchequer thereupon announced that he "had mobilized the gold resources of the British Empire, and was covering England's obligations in America by direct gold shipments. In four months $422,000,000 came." Mr. Lamont remarks:

> That gold came in all sorts of different forms and from every quarter of the globe—English sovereigns, bar gold from South Africa, French napoleons, Japanese bullion, Russian imperials, and even German twenty-mark pieces and American eagles. Some of the English sovereigns were, curiously enough, in the same bags in which they had been shipped to Paris and transferred from there to Berlin, when the French paid their indemnity at the end of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871. Thousands of the American eagles turned up in the original canvas bags in which, in 1904, they had been shipped by J. P. Morgan & Co. to Paris in the settlement made by the United States Government with the French interests originally identified with the Panama Canal.

The powerful Wall Street personalities of the day appear, sometimes in highly illuminating anecdote. When the contract for the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan had been signed on October 14, 1915, by the two European governments and by J. P. Morgan & Co. as agents for the American syndicate managers, only $320,000,000 of the formal underwriting pledges by the syndicate had been actually secured. It was still discussed whether the necessary margin could be made up from other underwriters. Pending success in that effort, the house of Morgan had in effect, by its signature, assumed responsibility for the huge amount still lacking. Mr. Lamont quotes the present J. P. Morgan:

> The firm must, regardless of the risk, commit itself to do this task. I have faith that the necessary participations will be forthcoming to help us out, whether they come from the sky or the earth or the waters under the earth.

In the account of the panic of 1907 is told a characteristic incident of the famous conference of bankers at Mr. J. P. Morgan's library, to devise means of saving the trust companies on which that period's two-weeks' run had converged. An advance of $25,000,000 was considered necessary; the older trust companies were expected to provide it. The presidents of these companies hesitated to sign the contract, among them the "dean" of the officials, Edward King of the Union Trust.

> Mr. Morgan waved his hand invitingly towards the paper. "There you are, gentlemen," he said. The bankers shifted from one foot to another, but no one stepped forward. Mr. Morgan waited a few moments. Then he put his hand on the shoulder of his friend, Edward King, and gently urged him forward. "There's the place, King," he said, kindly but firmly, "and here's the pen," placing a handsome gold pen in Mr. King's fingers. Mr. King signed. The ice was broken. They all signed.

Alexander Dana Noyes is Financial Editor of The New York Times.

News from Abroad

(Continued from first page)

American reviewing is as honest as the Ten Commandments when compared to some of the English reviewing. And this leads us to a consideration of a platitudinous paradox: that a reviewer, bent on the ultimate health of publishing, should *never* think of the health of publishing, but only of the book before him. Because an intellectually honest group of critics, back in the days before the war, went into the "game" of newspaper reviewing with no thought of book sales, American publishing of the 'twenties burgeoned as never before. The names of Francis Hackett, of the young Mencken, of Robert Benchley, of Laurence Stallings when he was on *The World*, of numerous others, come to mind. With no thought as to the health, or the profits, of publishing as a business, they yet induced a state of health in publishing by creating public confidence in the integrity of reviewing. James Truslow Adams sees indications of the growth of back-scratching reviewing in New York. There may be, but happily they are not immediately apparent. For the sake of publishing as a business, let us hope they do not multiply. It is good to feel superior to London, and know that one is really superior, not merely provincial. Let Mr. Nathan sing "cock-a-doodle-do" some more.

Books in the News

THERE has been some speculation about the National Industrial Recovery Act and its relation to the book trade. Under the proposed dispensation, which would set aside any strict construction of the Sherman and Clayton Anti-trust acts, would the publishers and booksellers be forced, either graciously or unwillingly, into a national association, with a common code of trade practices? Certainly publishing is not a basic industry in the sense that coal mining, wheat growing, oil production, steel manufacture, and the railroads, are basic. The prosperity of the country as a whole (sad it is to state) could reach 1929 heights without a single publisher making money; and authors are not so numerous that a starving group of novelists, poets, and essayists, suffering for lack of work, could organize a *putsch*, march from Lüchow's near Union Square or Stewart's Cafeteria in Greenwich Village, and seize the reins of power in Washington. There seems to be little cold-blooded reason, therefore, from any point of view, for compelling the publishing and bookselling business to coöperate, combine, agree upon a code, or otherwise obey a blanket ukase from Congress and the President. This remains true, regardless of questions of desirability, good ethics, or what-not. The book trade could, of course, get together and regulate itself, and present agitation may lead somewhere by the free consent of all concerned.

However, if a National Industrial Recovery Act *should*, by any vague chance, force publishers and booksellers into line before 1940, there are a number of problems that would reasonably engage a Commission with supervisory power. The question of price-cutting would surely be one of the first to agitate the fledgling "brain trust" of the hypothetically organized publishing guild. Enforced uniform practices would do away with the possibility of another internecine war, with publishers of one persuasion plumping for dollar books, and publishers of another persuasion hiring Edward L. Bernays to keep books at the $2.50 or $2 level. Bad remaindering practices (that bane of authors) would certainly come under the Mussolini frown of a supervisory board working with the Federal Trade Commission to create single ethical standards. And the Cheney report might, at last, be grist for more than a windmill.

In one sense, the National Industrial Recovery Act philosophy, applied to the book trade, might prove beneficent. In another sense, it might lead to a tyranny which could only be disastrous. Control applied to the end of creating uniform practices so far as merchandising goes, is one thing. Control extended to subject matter of books could, on the other hand, take all the adventure out of publishing. We haven't counted many literary masterpieces coming out of Fascist Italy, where society—even down to authorship—is "planned." Authors should be permitted eternally the habits of anarchy, regardless of what happens to the book business.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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A World Gone Mad

WORLD PANORAMA, 1918-1933. By GEORGE SELDES. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

IN form, at least, Mr. Seldes's book is unique. Its method recalls that of some mediaeval chronicles in which a visit of a knight, a religious celebration, and an extraordinary litter of pigs jostle one another in the year's entries as equally worthy of note. It is obviously intended to be a survey of world history during the past fifteen years, but actually it is a collection of incidents and data, set down for the most part in a rough chronological order and strung together in something resembling a narrative, but every now and then tumbled upon the page in the disconnected and bewildering order in which time produced them. Mixed with the entries, which appear to have been industriously culled from daily newspapers and the author's reportorial notebooks, are scathing comments and some sober reflections. The record begins with the armistice and comes down to the day or two before the final proofs were passed.

Mr. Seldes calls the book a panorama, but it more nearly resembles a colored movie in which the extraordinary antics of a world gone mad alternate with periods of sanity and episodes of serious worth. Reason went overboard with the popular demands of "Hang the Kaiser" and "Give till it hurts," and in most of the States that called themselves allies it has only occasionally or for short periods been recovered. Mr. Seldes records with zest the sins and ineptitudes of the peace settlement, the long attempt to keep Germany under, the fanatical outcry against

GEORGE SELDES

bolshevism, the crass performances of censors and prudes, the intolerant activities of fundamentalists, prohibitionists, and the Klan, the devious course of governments and the timidity or venality of the press, the speculative orgy which culminated in the crash of October, 1929, and the myriad pronouncements on what was the matter and how to get rid of it that have cumbered the past few years; all in a manner which suggests that if what he offers is the whole story, the years have been a disorderly scramble of ignorance, greed, and fantasy.

Mr. Seldes delights in contrasts, however, and his colors are not all dark. He notes, for example, how Paderewski "claimed the presidency of Poland because he represented four million Poles in the United States"; how the Paris gigolos fattened off rich women anxious for a fling; how the notorious Mrs. Harrison played fast and loose with "news" in Russia; how Stinnes shared in the inflationary looting of Germany; how the State Department, "besides issuing news about Russia which did not correspond to the facts, suppressed all attempts at getting at the truth of the situation, diplomatic and military"; and how the French speculators, having successfully raided the pound, tried their hands at raiding the dollar. From these and a host of other savory incidents he turns to brighter pictures of people who kept their heads and tried to stem the tide, the efforts of Raymond Robins and William C. Bullitt to get some of the facts about Russia to Wilson and Lloyd George, and the two years' work of Lincoln Eyre in allegedly tracing the myth of the nationalization of women to a source in the office of the London *Times*.

Outside of France, where the press is notoriously for sale, impartiality is assumed to dominate the newspaper man's ethical code, but Mr. Seldes's long experience has not left him cold. He is sparing of reflection, but it is clear that his sympathies are with the under dog and the hard-pressed radical. One notes that attitude in what he says about the sufferings of the German people immediately after the war, about Russia, Gandhi, wage earners, and the writers and editors who boldly defied national hysteria. He does justice to Mussolini and Hitler, and to Mustapha Kemal of Turkey, although without committing himself to wholesale praise of dictatorship. His book, however, is neither history nor philosophy, but a vividly written chronicle of world confusion. It will give small comfort to superpatriots, still less to internationalists, and none at all to those who affect to see the emergence of universal peace, but it is worth a reading by any one who demands neither exposition nor sequence and is not afraid to be chastised.

Early Brontë

LEGENDS OF ANGRIA. By CHARLOTTE BRONTË. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by E. F. BENSON

"Before the Mountains were brought forth"

MOST Brontëites knew that for some few years of her girlhood Charlotte Brontë in collaboration with her brother Branwell poured out torrents of prose and verse about an imagined country situated somewhere near the Delta of the Niger, but swept sometimes, like Haworth, with north country storms. One sample of the Saga, "The Secret," has already been published by the Oxford Press, and in this volume, we have three more short novels, "The Green Dwarf," "Mina Laury," "Caroline Vernon," and two highly Byronic cantos of a poem called "Zamorna's Exile," all from Charlotte's pen, and all dealing with the sensational history of Angria. Angria was an obsession with her: she streamed with Angria when she was at Haworth, and when away, pupil or teacher at Miss Wooler's school, it made dreams and hallucinations for her, and she and Branwell corresponded about its future vicissitudes. Altogether her contributions to it exceeded in length the whole of the work which made her a classic in English literature.

What of the intrinsic merit of these stories? It may be said at once that if the manuscripts, written in that minute hand, had been found in some spider-webbed cupboard, not explored for the last hundred years, and that if their authorship was unknown, they would never have been fully deciphered, and, even if they had, no one would have disentangled the chronicle of these highly-colored adventures, nor would they even have found a publisher. But they were known to be by Charlotte Brontë, and that made all the difference. Within eight years of her writing the last of them she had written "Jane Eyre" and, within eight more years from that, "Shirley" and "Villette," which are justly accepted as masterpieces. Moreover she was one of the sisters whose life will never cease to arouse legitimate and intense curiosity, and to move us to the "pity and terror" of tragedy. That wind-swept vicarage, with its moors for the genius of Emily, its public-house for the undoing of Branwell, and its graveyard for their peace, will be forever a shrine for pilgrims, eager to know more about the immortals who dwelt there.

Thus, though these stories, chiefly illustrate the faults of Charlotte's classical work (or even because of that), they are immensely interesting. The fire is there, and that passionate devotion for her art, but she was learning still, and she could not yet confine and curb the fire so that it glowed with the intense white heat of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette": it flares and smokes and makes a great to-do, but the incandescence is lacking. For all her eagerness she was surveying from outside, and was not "in the heart of things"; she did not herself feel from inside what she was writing about, but only projected her power of writing on to it. Possibly a very keen student of her great books might, not knowing the origin of these stories, have identified the author with Charlotte Brontë, but he would have made his identification on the ground of their faults, common to her's: the masterly but overloaded descriptions, the heaped-up color, the insignificant pieces of mystery, but he would never have felt a moment's emotion in deciphering the adventures of Lady Emily and the various Earls, because the author's emotion was not really aroused.

Yet within a few years Charlotte was writing stuff that "lies too deep for tears." Already she had the equipment, born of incessant practice and the ardor of her amazing but, as yet, barren temperament; and these gifts were still waiting, as it were, for a key to be turned, which should unlock the door of her heart and enable it to fuse itself with them. Then came the great psychical adventure of her life: she went to Brussels in order to complete the sterile education with which she and her sisters might hopefully open a school for the education of young girls. There she fell in love with M. Emmanuel Heger, and, lo, these bones of story-telling, which had so obsessed her girlhood, came together and stood up, an exceeding great army.

E. F. Benson, who forty years ago swam into prominence with his "Dodo," is the author of several biographies as well as a large number of novels. One of the latest of the biographies is his life of Charlotte Brontë.

Controlled Violence

THE MARTYR. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IRELAND, to judge from the testimony of her own writers, must be an extraordinary and almost incredible place to find in the modern world. It would seem to be the only country there is that might tomorrow produce a Saint Teresa, or a Torquemada; its people appear to have a capacity for mystic self-immolation, and at the same time a ruthlessness, which cannot be matched anywhere except perhaps among the Russians. So at least one would judge from those remarkable novels of martial mysticism by Mr. Francis Stuart, "Pigeon Irish" and "The Coloured Dome," books in which the devotion of the principal figures conveyed a hint that they might be as unmerciful to others as to themselves; and so one may judge from "The Martyr."

This is another story of a mystic in the Irish Civil War; he is studied from the outside, but very sympathetically, yet at the same time realistically. The book is in fact the tragic drama of how the otherworldly type may be led into accepting the responsibilities, and of the disaster that results. The hero, Crosbie, is a man who is devoted to the Roman Catholic religion, and to Irish patriotism, both interpreted in terms of the peculiar medievalism of his own mind. And he believes in the gospel of non-resistance; he attained the position of a national hero by a hunger-strike, which led to his being given a high post in the Republican army, and as a soldier, he intends to show the world that he is right by much the same means. He says:

> We can't prove to the people that they're wrong by killing a few of the enemy here and there. What we're aiming at is a purification of the national soul, and . . . the soul cannot be purified by blood-letting, but by martyrdom.

But he has reckoned without his second in command, Tracy, the straightforward,

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

almost animal man of action, who urges the most reckless course; and when Crosbie tries to resign his command, he is dissuaded by Angela Fitzgibbon, a girl who has deserted the English for the Revolutionaries, who loves him in her savage selfish fashion, and who does not choos that her lover shall be anything but Revolutionary commander.

Crosbie's story is essentially a series of duels, with Tracy, with Angela, as the result of which his army meets defeat and he is captured, and with the enemy commander, at whose hands he meets his final martyrdom. The situation is truly tragic: the man of great and noble gifts, placed in just the position where those gifts are positively harmful; and all these scenes are written with a comprehension of both sides that produces a white-hot emotional intensity. The bitterness of Crosbie's fate, moreover, is intensified by the fact that during the latter part of the book the story sometimes leaves him to follow Tracy, who is as perfectly adapted to his circumstances as Crosbie is not, until at the end the two are brought side by side before the reader by a twist that is almost unbearably ironic. Besides all this, there are interspersed scenes of the very earthy soldiers. These scenes sometimes seem dull or unnecessary in themselves, but it is by means of them that we can be kept up in the body of the book to a screaming pitch at which we should otherwise flag.

Enough has been said to show that this is an unusual, an exciting, and a significant book, since Mr. O'Flaherty's testimony agrees so well with Mr. Francis Stuart's about a unique nation. The part of the book most open to criticism is the end; and here a reviewer is in a difficulty, since it would not be fair to tell what that end is. But this much can be said: that the final theatrical catastrophe is the least convincing page in the book. It is very nearly incredible; and it makes no difference to that if the author can parallel it (as I am inclined to suspect he can) from the actual history of the Irish Civil War.

The emotional effect of this climax could hardly be greater in amount. The reading of the last few pages of "The Martyr" is almost literally stunning; but it might after all be greater in kind. For the tone of the book has been the tragic, and now it becomes the merely macabre. But even so, the whole book has a controlled violence about it that makes it an experience to read.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? By HANS FALLADA. *Simon & Schuster.*
The tale of a young couple's struggle against economic disaster in present-day Germany.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. *Houghton Mifflin.*
The letters of a well-loved poet, critic, and teacher of literature.

WORLD PANORAMA. By GEORGE SELDES. *Little, Brown.*
A kaleidoscopic survey of recent events.

This Less Recent Book:

RIGHT OFF THE MAP. By C. E. MONTAGUE. *Doubleday, Doran.*
A novel which in romantic guise eloquently presents the case against war.

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The Bowling Green

Notes With a Yellow Pen

VII. A QUESTION-MARK

PEOPLE say "why don't you tell us about your trip?" That involves an interesting psychological weakness which only writers understand. You can either talk about a thing, or write about it. You can't do both. What a temptation it sometimes is (if one could find the patient auditor) to let go in enormous palaver. In the back yard of the Gotham Book Mart (the pleasantest place for a book hunter to pasture: I always like their little sign, *Wise Men Fish Here*) Bill C. reproached me for being so speechless about California. Even as he did so, my mind was full of all the queer surprises of that country. But I guess I'm always embarrassed by direct questions. Occasionally it comes in my hazard to be interviewed, and I always make a mess of it. And always I hanker to give the reporter some hints as to how it needs to be done: for (let's be honest) in newspaper days I rather prided myself on knowing how to interview people. Never, if they're worth study at all, ask them point blank what you want to know. Skirt round it obliquely and the most unexpected things may emerge.

That's where theology usually makes its big mistake, by going head-on at the inscrutable. Why is it, you might ask yourself, that there's so much more spiritual truth in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* than in his Sermons.

If you happen to have a desire to put something down on paper (so you can look at it again and see if it's so) you had better not blow off the internal pressure by talking about it first.

I remember how disturbed I was by a cheerful fellow who came in to Gelber and Lilienthal's bookshop in San Francisco to ask me what I thought about contemporary Jewish literature. He must have thought me very ignorant, because really I don't know which writers are Jewish and which aren't. I wonder how Hitler finds out. Does it matter?

❧ ❧

Another problem: it's possible to be entirely accurate in detail and yet give a quite false impression. There's a building on 42nd Street where occasionally, going up in the elevator, I get a glimpse of an amusing reception room. It's in the office of Barron Collier, who deals in street-car and subway advertising. The side of the room shows a line of advertising cards, lit and placed just as they are in the subway, but instead of the crowd and the jostle there is a comfortable cushioned bench beneath them, everything peaceful and still. To reproduce the spiritual worth of his affiches Mr. Collier would need to fill his anteroom with the roar of wheels and the sway of straphangers. Perhaps I'm wrong; what I mean is that I mustn't give you an idea that my few Pacific days were a quiet meditative pilgrimage. And how grand it is *not* to meditate. There's always a chance for that afterward.—It wasn't until I got home that I realized how many things I intended to do that I didn't accomplish. In San Francisco, for instance, I never got to Bickford's. Certainly it is not one of the accepted shrines of the town, but as a faithful Bickford man here in New York I always noticed that they have a branch in San Francisco and somehow to know that gives me an ecumenical feeling while eating Drop One on Hash. Must I explain that Bickford's is a chain of lunchrooms? W. S. H. is a Foltis-Fischer man; we have many arguments on the subject.

❧ ❧

A transcontinental train-trip is worth while were it only for the ecstasy of the First Bath afterward. You send a telegram home and then fall into the hot tub. It's true that while you're blissfully in soak the phone will ring; the hotel reporter wants to come up and know what you think of California. At that time I was still so green that I thought of California as one entity. But the infinitive of the State is split (somewhere near San Luis Obispo, I think) and you have to make it plain whether you're talking about California or Southern California. There's a certain humorous jealousy . . . but I didn't know about that until later.

The window of my room looked down on Union Square. The greenness of everything was my first pleasure. There were men sprawling on the turf in the mild forenoon sun. There were white birds walking about beside them. One of these birds seemed to be pecking at the ear of a drowsing citizen. In my usual confusion of thought I remembered vaguely that Buddha (if it wasBuddha?) had a pigeon that picked peas out of his ear; why, or what the significance, I never knew. So, from that distance, I supposed the fowls to be pigeons. I saw afterward they were sea-gulls. We have gulls in New York, but I never see them come down into the interior squares. Perhaps we have not enough of the Enlightened. (Buddha, can you spare a dime?) But it seemed appropriate to find the birds so companionable around a hotel named for St. Francis.

This Shadowe is renowned Shakespear's? Soule of th' age
The applause? delight? the wonder of the Stage.
Nature her selfe, was proud of his designes
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines.
The learned will Confesse, his works are such,
As neither man, nor Muse, can prayse to much.
For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,
Thy like, no age, shall ever paralell.
W. M. fculpfit.

The first thing to do was to call up George Frisbee, old friend by correspondence, once well described by Robert Cortes Holliday as the happiest man in the world. And he is, for after retiring from a thriving drug-store traffic he devotes his time to literature. Like Oliver Herford and many others he is a passionate adherent of the theory that Edward De Vere wrote Shakespeare's plays; he travels up and down the steep hills of San Francisco carrying rare Elizabethan volumes in those fascinating little cable-cars and computing intricate literary cryptograms to abash the professors. I did not dare tell George that my mind also was much on Shakespeare just then: I could see in his bright eye that he was keen for an argument and would demolish me in a moment. But I got him on the phone and we made a date for lunch.

Next after a bath and a telephone, the visitor in California hangs up his hat in the cupboard and leaves it there. It would be intolerable to go covered in that halcyon air. The streets whose names were most romantic to me by old association were handy by—Sutter and Bush. Why Bush? Well, it was at 608 Bush that Stevenson lived and wrote some fine letters. I stopped first at Gelber and Lilienthal's bookshop to verify the street-number from a Life of R. L. S., and then round the corner to see. The old house is gone; there are apartments instead, and 608 is now the Sheridan Arms Beauty Salon.

❧ ❧

This is not the right place to mention it, but while thinking about George Frisbee I must tell him of a discovery I made, a few weeks later, in the great Huntington Library. It will surely please him. The librarians were kind enough to let me see, and even handle, their Shakespeare quartos and folios. Imagine my excitement when I examined the 1640 edition of the Poems and observed written under the frontispiece portrait

This Shadowe is renowned Shakespear's?

Yes, with a question-mark, just as I have copied it. And not only that, but two more interrogations in the next line. The inscription begins:

This Shadowe is renowned Shakespear's? Soule of th' age,
The applause? delight? the wonder of the Stage.

Now perhaps the printer (Tho. Cotes) didn't have any exclamations in his font, or (more likely, since the inscription is probably on the same plate as the portrait) the engraver didn't know or care the difference. But at any rate this oddity—has it ever been marked before? — must be a panache in the cap of the doubters. It amuses me that it should occur in the 1640 volume to which Iohn Benson (not Ben Jonson) wrote so surprising a preface. Of Master Shakespeare's "sweetely composed Poems" he said "you shall finde them *Seren*, cleere and eligantly plaine, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe your braine, no intricate or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect."—The odd thing is that many of those poems have perplexed men's brains ever since. This is to me one of the gayest examples of a publisher's blurb. Think of calling the Sonnets "serene." It was in this edition that the cheerful Iohn Benson, to make the book more salable, shifted the pronouns about so that the sonnets written to a man should seem to be addressed to a woman.

❧ ❧

I didn't get to Bickford's, but I admit that my first two San Francisco meals were more luxurious than Bickford would have offered. (What a town for eating.) At lunch that day George Frisbee, and Joe Jackson of the *Chronicle,* took me to Julius's (I think that's the name) on Telegraph Hill where you turn from your banana fritters to look over the whole sweep of the Bay. That night Leon Gelber introduced me to Solari's where we had "sand dabs meunière" (a kind of sole or small flounder). And this little card which says "SHOE REPAIR CLAIM CHECK—*No shoes delivered without this ticket*—No. 1223" is not what it seems. It was the passport to a new speakeasy which had lately been opened on Kearny Street. By the way, one thing that was much on Leon Gelber's mind was that he had never been able to get hold of a copy of H. M. Tomlinson's rare *The Brown Owl* to complete his collection. I promised to pass the word along in case anyone wishes to part with it.

George Frisbee, quite reasonably doubting my abilities to take in so many new sights at once, sat down afterward and wrote me his own account of our meeting. He did it so charmingly that I think I'll incorporate it in the minutes. He wrote:—

"I'll post you on some geographical names so that if you ever tell of your visit to San Francisco you will not fall down; where so many visitors do.

"From your hotel window you looked down on Union Square, an oasis of green bounded by tall buildings. In its center a tall granite shaft dedicated to Dewey, and notable for the peculiar, nay, unique curve to the tusks of the walruses recumbent at its base. (That is enough; all San Francisco knows, and will smile.)

"To lunch the day you arrived with Joe Jackson who reviews books by radio each Sunday night to over a quarter million of Western America's booklovers. He invited you to his Club. You said; 'No, take me to some place that is characteristic, and not routine.' A taxi; Joe had asked along a Native Son, a character who boasted that he had not only 'Shook the hand of John L. Sullivan, but also that of Gen. Grant.'

"Through San Francisco's 'Wall Street,' then up a hill (that's all one does in that City, climb and descend hills) then through the Chinese quarter; then the Latin race quarter. Not the Latin quarter of fiction, but the section where the sturdy Southern Europeans make their homes. To a place nestled in a gash in the eastern slope of Telegraph Hill, a young mountain at the extreme northeastern tip of the San Francisco peninsula.

"Below us flowed the ferry traffic. Midway across the Bay lay Yerba Buena Island, which is to be tunnelled by the new Bay Bridge. The bridge is to be 200 feet above water and the Island rises to about 500, so instead of cutting a gash and ruining its proportions, a tunnel is to be driven. Thank God art and beauty exists among bridge builders. Besides, the forest which a cut would destroy, was planted by San Francisco's school children in the early 80's. Most of those kids are among the town's important cits.

"Told that a wonderful view of the North shore could be had from the crest of Telegraph Hill, you said 'Lead me to it.' Joe said, 'Shall we go right up?' 'Sure' said you. With the old-timer tagging along, Joe led up a precipice where we went up three steps and slipped back two and sometimes four. Eventually we reached the summit. The view was ample reward. You learned later that Joe was an experienced mountain climber; and that there was an easy ascent; and that he took us over a path that only the mountain goats used. You wondered why the good citizens who watched us puff up the hill to them greeted us with smiles. You thought you were finding it difficult because we had eaten too many banana fritters. At least, that's what you offered as alibi when you landed breathless at the summit.

"Then a ride on the cable cars. They are drawn over the steepest hills by wire cables to which a grip is attached. Up and down these little cars have run for over 50 years, and bid fair to run on like the brook, for nothing else on wheels can negotiate those San Francisco hills with a load of passengers.

"NEXT DAY:—The *Malolo* backed out into the stream, checked her headway, then headed North along the waterfront until you skirted Telegraph Hill, then West for the Golden Gate. From the water San Francisco is a picture. High hills on the City side sloping down to the water's edge. Past Fort Mason, the home of the Army chief on the Coast; then the Marina, where was held the World's Fair in 1915. Now a solidly build residential section. Then Fort Winfield Scott, or Fort Point, built before the Civil War, and which never smelled powder except for a salute. This Fort is near the location of the San Francisco end of the Golden Gate Bridge, now under construction. To our right is Alcatraz, known to all soldiers as 'The Rock.' Then Angel Island, headquarters of the Immigration forces. Then tiny Belvedere nestling near Sausalito. Then Lime Point, where the Bridge lands on the north side of the Golden Gate. Through the Golden Gate heading for the Farallones but you do not reach them. 'Starboard your hellum' orders the old man and you head down the Pacific.

"Remember, don't say 'Frisco' or 'Sierras.' Very bad."

GEORGE.

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Yes, George, on the clearest of cool noons (March 3) the white *Malolo* ("Flying Fish") swam down the incomparable beauty of your Bay. How marvellous are those ruddy-green hills at the Gate, where the tawny rock shows through the pale emerald of the turf. Surely you didn't suppose one forgets anything of his first day in San Francisco? And I remember something else too—that after we had waved goodbye, and I went down to my room, I found that generous big box of candy—an injudicious gift to one of my figure.—In return I'll blow you to that Shakespearean question-mark.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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To the Editor:—

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

A Decalogue

Sir:—Moved by something I saw in Mr. Quercus's eccentric *Trade Winds* I sat down and thought about old readings of my own. Here are ten things I should like to read again:—

F. P. Dunne: "Mr. Dooley."
George Ade: "Fables in Slang."
J. B. Cabell: "The Cords of Vanity" (I'll bet that one would "date" most deliciously.)
Ring Lardner: "How to Write Short Stories, With Samples" (do you remember the uproarious preface?)
Elinor Wylie: "The Orphan Angel."
Richard Harding Davis's description of the German armies entering Brussels in 1914 (I forget the title of book?)
Don Marquis: "The Old Soak's History of the World."
Booth Tarkington: "Alice Adams."
Geo. Santayana: "Character and Opinion in the U. S."
Henry James: "What Maisie Knew" (I never read this one, but was always curious about Maisie. What *did* she know? I have a hunch she was all wet.)

J. T. SENSENIG.

Egg Harbor, N. J.

Beddoes and Poe

Sir: Speaking of T. L. Beddoes, it is interesting that his life paralleled Poe's to the very years—1803, 1849—if we remember our schooling correctly. Like Poe, his dramatic fragments lie scattered behind him, half created; "Death's Jestbook" is the only drama he completed, "but its completion was due to the violent determination of its author, and not to legitimate inspiration." If we are to believe Edmund Gosse, "He dedicates himself to the service of Death, not with a brooding sense of the terror and shame of mortality, but from a love of the picturesque pageantry of it, the majesty and sombre beauty, the swift, theatrical transitions, the combined elegance and horror that wait upon the sudden decease of monarchs." Pompous words, these; probably because of this preoccupation with gloom, in his poetry, we much prefer the letters—they contain a salt, a savor, that we feel was surely more himself. Certainly the man who could sign his greatest work with such aliases as Theobald Vesselldoom, Wilfred Sword-Bearer, and Sir Theobald Grimbottle did not really "dedicate himself to the service of Death." Would he not have enjoyed Whitman when the Great Commoner said:

my elbows rest in sea-gaps,
I skirt sierras, my palms cover continents,
I am afoot with my vision.

Or Alexander (Dreamthorp) Smith, when he says, "If you want to make a man look noble, your best course is to kill him."

BERRY BARCUSE.

Baltimore, Md.

Security for All

Sir: Why worry, as you do in "Economics—1933 Model," about Communists getting "rid of inconvenient aspirations in human nature by suppressing them" and planning "a society based upon a materialism more doctrinaire than the theology of 'Paradise Lost'?" You are well aware that the Communist proposes only that you as an individual and all the individuals of your class should yield up your superior economic status and security until such time as economic security is attained for all. You also know perfectly well that such a time can come, only when you and I as individuals frankly accept a materialistic basis for our lives in the sense that we no longer substitute "simple intellectual schemata for the complexities of reality." To paraphrase Aldous Huxley in "Point Counterpoint," it's incomparably easier to write editorials like "Economics—1933 Model" than to pose for oneself the question "How is it possible to attain individual economic security for the members of the society in which I live"?

ARTHUR M. ALLEN.

Troy, N. Y.

Not Veblenese

Sir: I have read "The American Mind" by Leon Samson and I have read your review of it. I notice that you raise some doubt as to its "competence," without, however, I must observe, pointing out wherein the literary incompetence resides. But anyway the charge sounds strange to me. I have for years been interested in our American Scene, and I have read practically every book on the subject—certainly not excluding the books of Mencken, Nathan, Mumford, Waldo Frank, *et al.*, and also those by the Europeans, Wells, Morand, Keyserling, Siegfried, Duhamel, and so on; and from not one of them have I had so immediate a sense of satisfaction with the author's competence, especially of his structural craftsmanship, as I had by the time I had finished Part III of "The American Mind." You count it against Samson that "his style resembles that of Veblen's." It is not, I think, out of disrespect for Thorstein Veblen—America's greatest economic theorist of recent years—that I suggest it is rather far-fetched to see in Mr. Samson's method and style anything Veblenese.

Yours for fairer criticism,

MARIUS CHARLES UNDERWOOD.

New York City.

Uncut Pages

Sir: Is the romance of reading dead? Has the high adventure of book exploration become a set and iron-patterned formula? Have book lovers (or are they only imposters?) developed such hardened habits and become so deadly mechanical they are blinded to the fascination of digging out the treasures from uncut pages of books? Uncut pages—they make reading fascinating, alluring, romantic and adventurous; they are the sealed chests of buried treasure hidden away in enchanting places, open only to the esoteric, evidently strange creatures who actually thrill to cutting the pages of books and holding their breath at the delights found in those treasure-bags of type spilled across the paragraphs.

MERLIN N. HANSON.

Mobile, Ala.

Lorenzo at Smith College

Sir: May I raise my voice in praise of the "Letters" of D. H. Lawrence? I started them at one-thirty, a whole half-hour to read before class. But I cut the class—even though I had done a lovely bit of work on the "Iliad." Come three, and I cut Latin, too. At five-thirty I finished the first part and went out. I had been to Lyonesse and I wanted to tell someone about it.

"No, I haven't read it," said Phyllis, "I don't enjoy that sort of thing." She wouldn't wait to hear what I thought. In the next room they were playing bridge, and I knew they wouldn't hear me, either. Downstairs I went. "Don't tell me," said Ruth, "that Minna's making you read that tome. . . ." Finally, at the dinner table, I found some one who had read the "Letters." But—"he was a socialist in essence," she announced, "though his romanticism hindered him." That was her cue for a discourse on Russia. I kept my mouth very, very shut until after dinner. Then I went upstairs and opened it at the middle (book, not mouth) and read wherever I pleased. And now—ten-thirty—I am all up a Peak in Darien and must tell someone about my glorious Pacific. . . . The value of the letters is that they make of you a truly sympathetic listener, not to whining complaints or self-conscious laughter, but to the vivid story. . . . I don't want to analyze, like dropping a pearl in vinegar to see if it's real. Besides, Mr. Huxley probably did that. But the "Letters" are most objective. Lawrence never seems to say, "I, David Lawrence." He talks instead *about* this very alive D. H. L., who is in love with Italy, in love with his Freida, in love with his books (though he wouldn't quite *admit* the last. How nice of him to worry about the reviews, like a proud father with a bad report card!). When the war comes he is not miserable for his own self, but for the dying young. He wanted a "sun-wards" Utopia, an Italy full of deathless and sympathetic folk, or a sunny ranch with a Bo-tree to shade a fair company.

MARY CLEMENS.

Northampton, Mass.

Noah Webster Biography

Sir: I am engaged in preparing a biography of Noah Webster, the lexicographer, and would appreciate hearing from any of your readers who may own letters, diaries, or manuscripts of Webster.

HARRY R. WARFEL.

Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.

The New Books

Economics

MACHINE MADE LEISURE. By PAUL T. FRANKL. New York: Harpers. 1932. $2.50.

Art, to Mr. Frankl, is only applied art. Furthermore, he adds that even in the Renaissance "'fine' art was incidental." He would abolish "self-expression" to make way for research into the nature of new materials, making the painter a pseudo-chemist and the sculptor a pseudo-mineralogist. He will not have any application of ornament, unless there is a functional reason for it. Obviously he can have nothing to do with "self-expression" since the essential of machine production is uniformity; and he must standardize all the things which "will make home beautiful," in order to machine them efficiently. Will he allow musicians and poets to struggle with their own experiences in this new age? They might inject a bit of careless, clumsy relief into the machine age which Mr. Frankl's well trained stylists would evolve in its perfect form and most efficient colors.

THE NEW CHALLENGE OF DISTRIBUTION. By HARRY TIPPER. Harper. 1932.

"Dislocation of the world's entire distribution system is due to human departure from the principles of justice. The cause of present world troubles is fundamentally *moral*." Using this thesis, Mr. Tipper probes into principles and processes of modern distribution necessities, lays out various factors in clear relationship to one another, and reaches the conclusion that better planning of the distributive process and higher moral leadership by those in command of industry offer the only possible means of even gradual improvement. Until recently general sales manager of General Motors Export Corporation, and the author of several books on marketing and advertising, Mr. Tipper writes with both practical and theoretical knowledge. Philosophical rather than economic in its conception, this book will disappoint the hard-pressed sales manager seeking immediate panaceas for declining sales curves. It should delight the few analytical industrialists who have time and inclination to worry about where the peoples and properties which they control may be heading for ten years hence.

Fiction

THE INCOMPETENTS. By R. E. SPENCER. Knopf. 1933. $2.

The satiric intention of Mr. Spencer's novel is sufficiently clear from the beginning, which plunges the reader into a taut and uncomfortable atmosphere of family disagreements and feuds. The elder Barretts have long been separated, but the father clings to his daughter and insensibly comes to dominate her household. Her husband, finding himself driven out of his own realm, not unnaturally turns to other and more appreciative quarters for consolation. The mother, an almost too perfect lady, then returns from abroad to grapple with the problem of turning out her former spouse and restoring her daughter's happiness. In the body of the book the author deals with her successive campaigns against husband, son-in-law, and the young girl who has taken first place in his affections.

It is probably not entirely Mr. Spencer's fault that these proceedings seem in the end a trifle dull. Given such people, with their habit of indulging in long dialogues carried on in the heavily punctuated and involved manner of the late Henry James, an academically interesting but utterly unreal effect is necessarily produced. The situation seems, in fact, to have crushed the author with its own weight, and even his valiant attempt to inject a little lifeblood into the character of Jacqueline is in vain. Superior analysis and dialectic cannot prevent the whole from fading gradually into mere verbal exercise, in which people say such things as "I but wish I might tell you how much," and "I feel I must yet distinctly thank you." It is a pity that Mr. Spencer should have lost track of the fact that fiction is, however remotely, supposed to be influenced by fact.

DR. GION. By HANS CAROSSA. Translated by AGNES NEILL SCOTT. Ballou. 1933. $2.

Young Dr. Gion had three protégées—Cynthia, the talented but introverted young sculptress, Emerence, the peasant girl who was doomed to die at the birth of her child, and young Toni, gamin of the streets and proprietor of a telescope by means of which he earned the bare pittance that kept him alive.

Herr Carossa's novel develops the exceedingly tenuous relationship between these four people in a manner that it flagrantly "mystical." They are bound together by feeble threads of spirituality and seem mutually to cancel each other in a manner that becomes, in the telling of the tale, exceedingly pat. No coincidence is too slight for the author to draw a symbolical reference, and he goes far afield in his search for the obviously symbolical, setting the stage on almost every page and drawing conclusions therefrom that are as obvious as they are baldly stated. Toni's telescope is set up beneath the brooding figure of three Fates; his grandmother's nervous tic, which kept her head shaking in "perpetual dissent" is made to assume a significance far beyond its import; there is even a war-shocked veteran who wanders through the city picking up pieces of paper, inscribing them with mysterious symbols and handing them back to the children who plague him, or saving them himself.

The entire narrative presents a nervous straining for effect that becomes extremely enervating, representing a distortion of sound material that might conceivably have served as the basis of a solid achievement.

History

HISTORICAL EVOLUTION OF HISPANIC AMERICA. By J. FRED RIPPY. Crofts. 1932. $5.

The job of telling adequately the history of twenty nations, even though they have a common colonial tradition for three hundred years and comparable factors of development for a century after, demands some arbitrary synthesis. The task is accomplished by sticking to external aspects. New Spain, Peru, and Brazil, all tremendous areas, were governed by Spain and Portugal in a common tutelage of absolutism, mercantilism, and Catholicism. But Hispanic America is a pretty wide domain, its native populations had many differentiating characteristics, while geography and climate, added to great distance from home administration, injected variant complications into divergent problems of governance and exploitation; the story of their interplay must move forward on the leaden feet of local incident and multifarious personality.

In treating common denominators, and in showing the variations which distinguish Mexico from Chile, the Argentine from the West Indies, Rippy marshals the accidentals of time and place with a crispness of presentation and care of proportion which make much of the work encyclopedic in tone. Roughage in mental pabulum requires a certain amount of more leisurely treatment, expository writing, interpretation, and analysis.

Under the colonial régime home influence was static or decadent, and reforming Bourbons and Pombals added little save self-interested efficiency to the exploitative philosophy developed in the sixteenth century. The wars of independence accentuate local individualities, and nine or ten simultaneous revolutions, require, as do the dictators who flit across the pages, so many separate treatments that their identities become lost in the general manifestation. Happily, by the second half of the book we are dealing largely with the more immediate past; the author strikes a more expository vein, there is less factual material, and synthesis is woven from the general economic conditions affecting the world, while the Hispanic nations of this hemisphere emerge upon the fringe of international life, having without doubt more to do with the march of time than any European countries outside the half dozen ones which now control international politics. The principal states of Europe have always been close to Hispanic America in their yearning for trade and their smug desire to save the new republics from popish influence. Rippy paints a rapid sketch of the rivalries of the exploitative nations, among whom England and the United States stand in the limelight.

The author has laid under contribution not only his own earlier writings but those of a score or more of monographists doing contemporary work in the field. The selections are well made, more particularly from writers in the United States, where

(Continued on following page)

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Literature Abroad

Recent German Fiction

ANDREAS, ODER DIE VEREINIGTEN. By HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1933.
EIN ERNSTES LEBEN. By HEINRICH MANN. Vienna: P. Zsolnay. 1933.
ROMAN EINER NACHT. By WILHELM SPEYER. Berlin: E. Rowohlt. 1933.
DER PAPST AUS DEM GHETTO. By GERTRUD VON LE FORT. Berlin: Transmare Verlag. 1933.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

FOR some few years it has been known that the late Hugo von Hofmannsthal, in addition to his distinguished achievements in poetry and the drama, had planned and partly executed an ambiguous novel. In the summer of 1918, writing to his friend and fellow-writer, Hermann Bahr, he speaks of this novel as being of no great extent and as describing the adventures of a young Austrian on his journey from Vienna to Venice, in the last year of the reign of Maria Theresa. He adds that this work, begun in 1911, will take three or four years more to complete. From other sources, however, we know that about this time Hofmannsthal proposed to alter the novel and place his scene in the first half of the nineteenth century. This fundamental change was never carried out, but the various sketches which we have in addition to the comparatively slight completed part are sufficient to show that this piece of fiction was constantly in the writer's mind and that it was destined to be a kind of framework for his philosophy of life.

The writer to whom Hofmannsthal first confided his plans was the novelist Jakob Wassermann, who contributes to this edition of the completed chapters with the various fragments a very interesting and informing "Nachwort." He tells us that as far back as 1907 Hofmannsthal told him of his project, and subsequently kept him in touch with developments. Had these been carried to their proper conclusion, Herr Wassermann thinks, the result would have been of the first importance; it would have been "an Austrian 'Wilhelm Meister'." But at the same time Herr Wassermann describes how he gently chided Hofmannsthal for not realising what patient, regular work and severe discipline is demanded from the writer of fiction. Not for him the careless raptures of the poet and dramatist, and it is implied that Hofmannsthal, inspired though he was in those spheres, was not really capable of the sustained effort necessary to bring his "Andreas" to completion. It is thus, perhaps, a little gratuitous to represent this as an "Unfinished Symphony," tragically interrupted by the collapse of Hofmannsthal's beloved Austria, the misery of his own city of Vienna, and, finally, by his own pitiful and premature death. But whatever the reason for its remaining a fragment, it is a most interesting fragment, and Herr Wassermann is abundantly right in insisting on its essentially Austrian character. In his young hero, Andreas von Ferschengelder, his loves, his reflections, his adventures, amorous and philosophical, Hofmannsthal was bent on interpreting a young Austrian's attitude to the world—and the young Andreas is very often Hofmannsthal himself, just as Wilhelm is Goethe. The incompleteness and tentativeness of the book often make it obscure, and certain of the characters seem to hover between reality and deliberate symbolism. But it is certainly a suggestive fragment.

There is no symbolism about Heinrich Mann's latest novel; it is brutal reality from first to last. A poor peasant-child, Marie Lehnert, is brought into contact with two better-class children, Kurt and Viktoria, whose parents bring them to spend the summer in Marie's seaside village. Thereafter their fates are intertwined. The story is one of sordidness and gloom, only relieved by the heavy humor of Vicki's absurd and childish husband, and by the loyalty of Mingo. Herr Mann continues to hold up the mirror to German vice and social corruption.*

Herr Speyer's story is a crime-mystery with a celebrated writer of "thrillers" as one of the chief characters. Probabilities are stretched in it, but it is decidedly readable.

Gertrud von Le Fort's historical novel is a distinguished piece of work and she is deserving of particular attention among contemporary German writers, not only on account of "Der Papst aus dem Ghetto," but also because of her other novel "Das Schweisstuch von Veronica" (The Veil of Veronica). This latter was not historical; it was a moving study in feminine psychology in religion, with a problem set in Rome, a city which the writer clearly knows intimately and loves intelligently. The knowledge is put to another use in "Der Papst aus dem Ghetto," which is a remarkable study of eleventh and twelfth century Rome. Her other book showed Gertrud von Le Fort to be of consistent Catholic outlook, but it is Roman Jewry that in this book is depicted with the greatest sympathy. The wealthy Jew Pierleone deserts the faith of his fathers; he becomes a firm supporter of the Papacy, and his deserted family mourn his apostasy, and prophesy the vengeance of the God of Israel. Through the impressive pages that tell this story—the pathos and drama of which are exploited to the utmost—the writer has made move, with living gait, the well-known figures of Roman history of the time—the various Popes and the famous families, Cenci, Frangipani, and the rest.

Signor Mussolini is writing a play about Julias Cæsar. His Napoleonic drama, "The Hundred Days," was produced in London, but did not have a long run.

* And Germany has now retaliated by piling his books on its bonfires.—The Editor.

Caught in the Web

ENGRANAJES. By ROSA ARCINIEGA. Madrid: Renacimiento. 1933.

Reviewed by JENNY BALLOU

THIS work is like a clean snowfall. To appreciate its therapeutic quality it is necessary to know the background against which it stands: the advance guard, that self-named youth of Spain, now no longer youthful, which with its dehumanization of art has finally passed to the rear with its febrile smile frozen into a grimace. It is an intensely human novel, the story of two friends who belong to the working people. These friends, Manuel and Juan, are dear to each other as brothers, they work side by side; they actually have jobs, work day in and day out and are paid at the end of each week. They are paid just enough to have bread to eat, to find a bed upon which to throw themselves at night, too exhausted to think why they live like this. Their lives consist of so many steps to work and back again; so many steps to the café, or, when they have the pennies, to some cheap house of joy, and back again; they take the repeated steps behind unrelenting bars; they are like prisoners paying a penalty for a crime they never committed. There are moments when they are almost alive and ask themselves over their beer if there is a way out. But there isn't.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
A CASE FOR MR. PAUL SAVOY *Jackson Gregory* (Scribners: $2.)	Naked corpse in San Francisco taxi, investigated by Paul Savoy, brilliant young millionaire.	An Ellery Queenlike artificiality of dialogue and characterization obscure certain good points of the mystery.	Hung jury
THE SHANGHAI BUND MURDERS *Van Wyck Mason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Capt. Hugh North adventures through one of those crimson death trails in and about Shanghai.	Triumph of melodrama over mystery; numerous characters slightly confusing, from War Lords to Austrian adventuresses.	A matter of taste

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

the study of Hispanic American history is more persistently and scientifically studied than elsewhere. Rippy has done a volume of permanent utility.

Reprints

THE PARTISAN LEADER. By NATHANIEL BEVERLEY TUCKER (In "Americana Deserta," edited by BERNARD DE VOTO). Edited with an Introduction by CARL BRIDENBAUGH. Knopf: 1933. $3.

This is an interesting addition to the series of books which moved our forefathers. Written by "Virginianissimus" Tucker to prove the greatness of the destiny of the Old Dominion, dedicated to "The People of Virginia," under the pen name of Edward William Sidney, it was first printed in 1836 as a campaign attack upon Jackson and Van Buren. In the midst of stately dialogue and melodramatic scenes move caricatures of these two Presidents, and also a mysterious "Mr. B—," who is probably John C. Calhoun, and who is all that is Olympian in statesmanship. No better instance than this book could be found of the strange confusion in the pre-Civil War period of the standards of politics and art, a confusion which made Washington Irving shrewdly avoid controversial subjects and write of Europe, and which obscured the genius of James Fenimore Cooper for generations because of his political opinions. For the question concerning fiction was likely to be not: "Is this book a work of literature?" but rather "What views does its author hold?" On this latter score Tucker satisfied triumphantly his Virginia contemporaries; he depicted with emotion the needs and aims of Jeffersonian democracy and did not bother to state the principles of the other side. Mr. Bridenbaugh is to be congratulated upon having salvaged a book significant in the study of American literary history.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

The Arthurian Legend. Compiled by J. D. Harding. Chicago: Newberry Library. *Academic Illusions.* M. Schütze. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $3.

BIOGRAPHY

The Romantic Exiles. E. H. Carr. Stokes. $2.75. *Brigadier-General Louis Lebègue Duportal.* E. S. Kite. Johns Hopkins Pr. $2.50. *The Life of Caesar.* G. Ferrero. Put. $5. *A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers.* G. Wescott. Harp. $2.50.

DRAMA

The Drama of the Medieval Church. K. Young. Oxford Univ. Pr. 2 vols. $17.50.

ECONOMICS

Modern Economic Society. S. H. Schlichter. Holt. $3. *Modern Industrial Organization.* H. von Beckerath. McGraw-Hill. $4.

FICTION

Montana Riders. Evan Evans. Harp. $2. *The Little Virgin.* G. M. Attenborough. Stokes. $2. *Venetian Blinds.* E. Mannin. Knopf. $2.50 net. *The Indiscreet Girl.* B. Sobel. Farrar. $2 net. *One Way to Stop a Panic.* I. S. Cobb. McBride. $2 net. *Laughter Ends.* J. Farrow. Harcourt. $2. *Travail of Gold.* E. F. Benson. Doubleday. $2. *The Prodigal Duke.* R. Hoffman. Farrar. $2.

FOREIGN

La Vie Intime. H. de Keyserling. Paris: Stock.

HISTORY

World Panorama. G. Seldes. Little. $3. *A Century of Progress.* Ed. C. A. Beard. Harp. $3. *The Jew through the Centuries.* H. L. Willett. Willett, Clark & Colby. $3.

MISCELLANEOUS

Our Movie Made Children. H. J. Forman. Macmil. $2.50. *Life in Lesu.* H. Powdermaker. Norton. $4. *The German Jew.* A. Myerson. Knopf. $1.25 net. *The Technique of Marriage.* M. Borden. Doubleday. $2.50. *Iconographie Métalliques du Général Lafayette.* Johns Hopkins Pr. $2.50. *State Grants-in-Aid in Virginia.* T. R. Snavely, D. C. Hyde and A. B. Biscoe. Cent. $2.50. *The Changing World.* S. Fels. Houghton. $2.50.

PAMPHLETS

Rebirth. E. H. Davis. Swarthmore Press. *A Dress Suit Becomes Hamlet.* W. Salisbury. New Rochelle: Independent Pub. Co. 15 cents.

PHILOSOPHY

The March of Philosophy. H. Alpern. Dial. $3.50.

POETRY

"Deaf Walls." E. Kowalewski. Philadelphia: Symphonist Pr. $2.

RELIGION

Scientific Theory and Religion. E. W. Barnes. Macmil. $4. *The Sensible Man's View of Religion.* J. H. Holmes. Harp. $1. *Republican Religion.* G. A. Koch. Holt. $3.

TRAVEL

An Indiscreet Itinerary. H. W. van Loon. Harcourt. $1. *Checagou.* M. M. Quaife. Univ. of Chic. Pr. $1. *A Sussex Peep-Show.* W. Wilkinson. Stokes. $2.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT!

OWING to sundry requests from subscribers, the next two issues of *The Phœnix Nest* will be devoted to a résumé and history of the course *The Saturday Review* has steered, by bright or dark stars, from the time of its launching as a literary supplement to the old *New York Evening Post* back in 1920. With the necessity for brevity upon me, I shall be able merely to give a general phœnix-eye view of our amazing and phenomenal career. Much will have to be omitted. How the dignified Editor-in-Chief once dignifiedly rolled into an area-way on a particularly icy and slippery morning, how the Founder of the Three Hours for Lunch Club lost his favorite pipe out of a porthole aboard the good ship—and I've even forgotten the name of the good ship!—the complicated financial transactions between two members of the staff particularly during the late Bank Holiday, certain aspects of life in an old Brewery under the beating wings of *Time*,—some of these matters will have to be excluded. But I hope to submit a random chronicle retaining at least some of the best features of our long search for Truth, an Honest Man, and the Sacred Bottle; we who have somehow managed to stick together through various changes of domicile, through Inflation and Depression, and still retain a pretty warm feeling for the whole piratical crew.

So that's fair warning—and other matters will have to be laid aside for a couple of weeks until the chronicle is got off my chest.

THE DICKENS!

I don't know whether the Robert Graves version of *Charles Dickens's* "David Copperfield" is going to be brought out in this country, but recently it has been causing a lot of comment in English literary journals. The following quatrain occurred to me while absorbing the gist of what has been said about it, and even though it may not be quite fair to Mr. Graves—for whose poetry I maintain a great respect and affection—it does seem to me that it is altogether a queer start for him to take so much upon himself in regard to one of the greatest books in the world. Hence, slightly exacerbated by his presumption, I pondered:

I wonder, does the ego grow
The while the cortex thickens?
For he is in his Graves—but Oh
The difference to Dickens!

FERNALDIANA

My musings upon *Chester Bailey Fernald* have evoked several responses. Here is one from that distinguished poet and novelist of New England, *Alice Brown*. She writes from Pinckney Street, Boston:

> May I apply for membership in the Fernald Club? And might I suggest that candidates for admission be able to repeat correctly the following stanza, taught the China boy, as the China boy himself repeated it?
> *Infinitesimal James*
> *Had nine unpronounceable names.*
> *He wrote them all down*
> *With a mortified frown*
> *And threw the whole lot in the flames.*

Miss Brown is hereby unanimously elected a member. She has set candidates a hard test but a perfectly fair one.

Mary Elizabeth Bierer, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, tells me that in *The Scholastic* for March fourth of this year "The Cat and The Cherub" was offered as a somewhat condensed short-story, and the following paragraph accompanied it compiled by *Mabel A. Bassey:*

> Mr. Fernald was born in Boston in 1869. Having traveled extensively in the United States, he moved to California in 1889. For seven years he was an assistant draughtsman in the Navy Department in connection with building war vessels at San Francisco. He has visited Alaska, China, and Japan, and since 1907 has lived abroad. His stories are "The Cat and the Cherub," "Chinatown Stories," "Under the Jackstaff," "John Kendry's Idea," and "The White Umbrella." He is also the author of a number of plays.

I wonder whether Miss Bessey can tell me if my hero is still in the land of the living. Other letters on Fernald are from *Hortense Keables* of Washington, D. C., and *Evelyn S. Lease*, librarian, of Montpelier, Vt. Both are hereby elected members of the club. Miss Lease gorgeously reminds me that Fernald also wrote that superb story, "A Hard Road to Andy Coggins!"

F. F. Vs of KAINTUCKY

Earle F. Walbridge of the Harvard Club, this city, wants to know why, when I lie awake, I don't let my mind wander back to that stanza "or whatever you would call it, in *Eugene Field's* 'The Peter-Bird,' into which he managed to cram all the first families of Kentucky? This is the legend of old," Mr. Walbridge adds, "told in the tumtitty meter which the great poets prefer, being less labor than rhyming." I agree that the stanza should be reprinted, particularly because my Father came from Kentucky, and I have therefore always had a particular weakness for the Land of Tomorrow:

Farmers and hussifs and maids, bosses and
field-hands and niggers,
Colonels and jedges galore from corn-
fields and mint-beds and thickets,
All that had voices to voice, all to those
parts appertaining,
Came to engage in the search, gathered
and bellowed for Peter.
The Taylors, *the* Dorseys, *the* Browns, *the*
Wallers, *the* Mitchells, *the* Logans,
The Yenowines, Crittendens, Dukes, *the*
Hickmans, *the* Hobbses, *the* Morgans;
The Ormsbys, *the* Thompsons, *the* Hikes,
the Williamsons, Murrays, *and* Hardins,
The Beynroths, *the* Sherleys, *the* Hokes,
the Haldermans, Harneys, *and* Slaughters—
All, famed in Kentucky of old for prowess
prodigious at farming,
Now surged from their prosperous homes
to join in that hunt for the truant,
To ascertain where he was at, to help out
the chorus for Peter.

PERILS OF ANONYMITY

K. W. van der Veer, of Scarsdale, N. Y., submits the above title, setting it atop some verses in which the poet remarks that while I remained anonymous—but hear the poet! I am flattered indeed to be "set on Parnassus' height," but I should say that was a peril of *not* being anonymous any more, if it is going to deflect from me my valued contributors. Anyway, it isn't true, so let us have no more nonsense about it! Now hear the van der vireo:

Would I could rhyme like Guiterman
Or punctuate like cummings,
For I would be a sweeter man
If columns took my strummings.

But once I made The Phœnix Nest,
That pleasant rendezvous . . .
O, Mr. William Rose Benét,
I never dreamed 'twas you!

I set you on Parnassus' height
And would have worried sorely,
Had I not thought those verses sent
To genial Mr. Morley.

Now Mr. Morley, I aver, is farther up the Parnassian slope than I am, but I refuse to admit that he is actually more genial. I can be perfectly horribly genial when I want to be!

STAR CONTRIBUTIONS AGAIN

Three letters anent *Mr. Tracy's* suggestion, lately spread on these minutes, have now arrived. From Saint Louis, Mo., *Mrs. Watts Smyth* sends a partial list of things she has particularly liked in the *Review*. Here it is:

> *The Last Question of All*, by *C. E. Montague* (October 1928); *Salute to Virgil*, by *E. K. Rand* (Oct. 25, 1930); *Novels in the First Person*, by *André Maurois* (August 22, 1931); *Keats in His Letters*, by *J. Middleton Murry* (September 19, 1931); also the following editorials by *Dr. Canby*, *Being Ourselves*, *The Promise of American Life*, *Vachel Lindsay;* and short essays on publication, plots, reviewers, and New York by *Don Marquis*.

Daisy Elizabeth McCutcheon of Dillon, South Carolina, thinks Mr. Tracy's suggestion "simply gorgeous." One article that stands out in her memory is *Dr. Richard Burton's* tribute to *Oscar W. Firkins*. She also highly approves of some of the late *Professor Firkins'* own contributions. Also some editorials of *Dr. Canby's* and some *Bowling Green* broadsides are starred by her. She is as saddened as were we all by the recent death of *Lee Wilson Dodd* and hopes that some of his contributions may be included. They certainly will. Mr. Dodd was one of our most revered contributors. Her letter is heartwarming in regard to the *Review* in general.

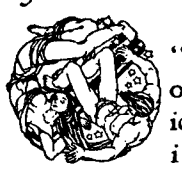
From Somerville, Massachusetts, come most valuable suggestions from *John Albert Holmes, Jr.* and—Hi! *Quercus!* He wants a copy of your letterhead! *Can you hear me out there on the back-page? Send it to him at 28 Billingham Street!* Mr. Holmes sent us a couple of drawings and quatrains lang syne that we still have in our scrapbook. Also, he has a poem soon to appear in the *Review*. We herewith express an interest in seeing the list of poems he says he has clipped from the *Review* for many moons. Also—he liked some of "Mr. Moon's Notebook," some of the drawings of *W. A. Dwiggins*, accompanied by quatrains, one or two of *C. E. Montague's* essays, the *Widdemer* article, some of *Louis Untermeyer's* longer reviews (particularly the one on *Emily Dickinson*), *Morley* both in Hoboken and bowling on the *Green*, *Arthur Guiterman's* letter on anthologists, *Tinker's* "Courteous Reader," that mad strange poem, "Auto-da-fe," *Untermeyer's* "Rhyme and its Reasons" and "Letter to Poets"; *Stella Benson's* "Reflections in a Mirror," *Desmond McCarthy's* review of "*Thomas Hardy's* Early Life," extracts from *The Wits' Weekly*,—but, being a poet, of course he liked the poems above all. Well, come on, subscribers, let's hear more from you!

During the course of a lecture recently delivered at Cambridge University, England, Professor A. E. Housman gave an interesting illustration of the way his mind works in composing poetry. The process of making verse is, he finds, "rather passive and involuntary," and, generally, in his case, associated with being "rather out of health." His lines generally come during a walk. To quote the *London Times*:—

> I happen to remember distinctly the genesis of the piece which stands last in my first volume. Two of the stanzas—I do not say which—came into my head, just as they are printed, while I was crossing the corner of Hampstead Heath between the Spaniards Inn and the footpath to Temple Fortune. A third stanza came with a little coaxing after tea. One more was needed, but it did not come: I had to turn to and compose it myself, and that was a laboring business. I wrote it thirteen times, and it was more than a twelvemonth before I got it right.

Books worth Knowing

GREAT CIRCLE
by Conrad Aiken



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THE NEW COMMANDMENT
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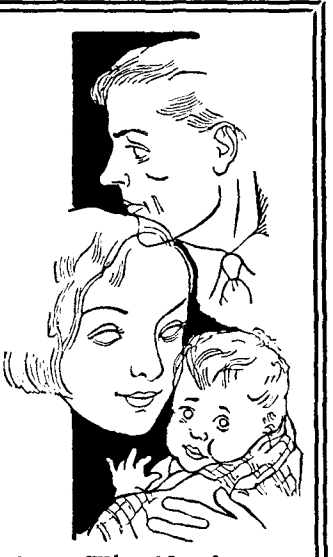
author of
"Three Pairs of Silk Stockings"

"Aside from its merit as a picture of modern Russia, it is just about the best study of possessive married love that has yet appeared in fiction."
—*New York Sun* $2.00

-Aside to mystery fans-
If you want a feast of thrills and action read
A Case for Mr. Paul Savoy
by
Jackson Gregory
$2.00

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

"*Kleiner Mann, Was Nun?*"



THIS is the title of a book published a short while ago in Germany. It has taken both Nazis and non-Nazis by storm. It is the most popular book in Germany since *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It is not under Hitler's ban—yet. We are now publishing this book in America under the title *Little Man, What Now?*

IT is a simple story of simple folk, telling of Hans Pinneberg and his wife Bunny, two little human beings who love each other. Hans is a white collar clerk who earns very little money.

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Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for June

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

THE mailing address of the Reader's Guide for the month of June will be 145 Grosvenor Road, London, to which it will move for the period, instead of the Bramerton Street number long familiar to readers of this column—so familiar, indeed, to its summer readers, that when I remained all one season in the United States I had spirited protests from the clientèle.

The new place is on the Embankment, so I am told, between Chelsea and Westminster, hard by the Tate Gallery and over against the ship chandler's establishment where they sell ships' figureheads, ancient and of a size so heroic they may not be contained within, but cling to the outside in all directions. PIMLICO WHARF in neat eighteenth century lettering is on the façade of the building, but this need not be added to directions for the mailman.

I trust during the month to make contacts with Helen Fish of Stokes and Emily Street of Morrow, also on vacation, the only young people I know who share my own conviction that the best way to take the British Isles is, so to speak, on the hoof. They too will be walking a while, not with me but with Eleanor Farjeon, a return engagement. We exchange finds; I owe them the canal round the hill-top in the Vale of Llangollen, and this year they are going to see if Evesham is all I declare it.

Letters will be answered as usual, with the help of the British Museum and the Becker Portable Library, admiration of many a steward on the high seas.

T. A., New York City, wishes a list of books for children, stories or otherwise, "to help develop social consciousness." I found, on consultation with the League for Social Democracy, one of the best sources for information on this subject, that they had received many calls of this nature and that a tentative list was in preparation. This seems to me so good I am quoting from it now, the more readily as most of the books I had already suggested at one time or another to readers by letter.

"Men at Work," by Lewis Hine (Macmillan), is a picture book of men controlling modern machinery; the faces, intent and thoughtful, the poise and certainty of motion caught in the act of mastery, set it off from other picture books and yet it stays within a child's range of interest. "The Road Ahead," by Harry W. Laidler (Crowell), is a primer of capitalism and socialism, meant for young readers. Mr. Laidler's pamphlet "Incentives under Capitalism and Socialism" is published by the League for Industrial Democracy, 112 East 19th Street, N. Y. "The Story of Money," by Mary Duncan Carter (Farrar & Rinehart), is the only book of its kind for children; it has a preface by Stephen Leacock, who says it "seeks to establish some clear, fundamental ideas on the subject," which puts it also into the grown-up class. "We the People," by Leo Huberman (Harper), a history of the United States in terms of economic development, is one of the most stimulating books likely to get into the hands of the teens. It might well accompany any history from which they study; it is more likely to be a textbook in progressive schools. Thomas Hibben's "The Carpenter's Tool Chest" (Lippincott) is a history of tools and what they have meant to man; it is a book to go with Ilin's "What Time is It?" and "Black on White," also published by Lippincott. Ilin's "New Russia's Primer" (Houghton Mifflin) appeals to a clear young mind; it is, as everyone knows, the story of the Five Year Plan, but its value lies even more in its power of sharpening thought. Van Loon's "Geography" (Simon & Schuster) surely strengthens social consciousness, and so does his "Story of Mankind" (Garden City Pub. Co.). For this purpose one might use McAlister Coleman's "Pioneers of Freedom" (Vanguard), "Adventurous Americans," edited by Devere Allen (Farrar & Rinehart), Charles Cross's "Picture of America" (Simon & Schuster), and two pamphlets, "Unemployment's Humpty Dumpty," by Harper and Steinmetz (Woman's Press), and "Why There are Rich and Poor," by Abel Gregg (Association Press). I would certainly put Caroline Dale Snedeker's "The Town of the Fearless" (Doubleday, Doran) with these, for its admirable study for young people of the social experiment of New Harmony; the story is told with feeling and the centering of many scattered hopes in the enterprise gives the book a wide spread. Young people are reading Kallet and Schlink's "One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs" (Vanguard) as they read Stuart Chase's "Your Money's Worth" (Macmillan), though neither would be described as young people's literature, and I do not know a better way of awakening a sense of the interdependence of human beings in modern life than by books like Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters," "Hunger Fighters," or "Men against Death" (Harcourt, Brace).

This is by no means a full list, and further suggestions for it will be gladly taken. The League for Industrial Democracy is carrying on a steady and well-directed campaign of education; they advise on programs for women's societies in the local church, reading lists for conferences, material for church literature table, club study, and like needs, books on social questions of today, and in June an extensive list of "Books for This Changing World" will be ready, prepared under the encouragement of a distinguished editorial committee, Miss Mary Fox, Executive Secretary, and Miss Marion Humble, secretary of the Editorial Committee. For this (it will cost five cents) or for information about books or lectures, address the League, 112 East 19th Street.

E. M. B., Philadelphia, Pa., needs a bird book, plentifully and accurately illustrated in color, for use in identification in the Middle West; it should be recent, as it is for one who is likely to have the older books. "I should like to pay not more than five dollars; the small pocket-size bird books are indistinct in coloring. Is there something new and authoritative in the field?" The new, revised edition of the comprehensive and authoritative "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," by Frank M. Chapman (Appleton), qualifies under all these heads. The book has been so completely rearranged under the new groupings of the American Ornithologists' Union, and so much important new material has been added, that it is in effect a new book, one that is indispensable to the serious student. The coloring of the many illustrations is noteworthy; they are by Fuertes, Adney, Thompson-Seton, and Jaques. It costs five dollars.

Speaking of pocket-guides and their pictures, however, those in the tiny new "Birds You Should Know," by Thornton Burgess (Little, Brown), are uncommonly good, remarkably so considering their small size and the book's small price. They are reproduced in color from the plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes at the State Museum at Albany, by permission of the Regents, and they come out clearly and convincingly.

L. M. B., Mobile, Ala., wants the best and most extensive collections of proverbs of all nations, translated into English. The one that holds the top of the column is "Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of All Ages," edited by Robert Christy (Putnam). This has more than twelve hundred pages of India paper; two volumes in one. It has been a standby of reference libraries since its publication in 1905, and is still in print.

My recent outburst of sentiment on the subject of Union Square has brought out several letters; I cannot forbear to print part of the following, from A. B. D. M., Longmeadow, Mass.:

> The engaging words, "Polly Cologne," in your column of a few weeks ago have at last spurred me to the letter I have long meant to bestow upon you. Long ago, through your books *on* Books and your Saturday article, I came to the conclusion that you and I were of the same vintage, for I, too, was brought up on "Polly Cologne" as a serial in my big sister's *Wideawake*. Do you remember Polly as the gay young gentleman's boutonnière, and the little Jimmie-Johns?
>
> I, like you, am a bird now almost extinct, one who was "born and raised" in Manhattan, I in a Harlem brownstone-front, you doubtless further down town. And I, too, recall dear old Union Square, with Gorham, Whiting, and Tiffany; Morrison's with its choice laces and passementerie (how that word dates one!); Aitken-Miller, as my mother used to call it; the first Cinématograph in the Eden Musée; the drive through Central Park to the Casino.
>
> The sustenances I still savor in memory were perpetrated at the Continental on Broadway where a popular uncle often lunched; the old Gilsey House patronized by nabob California cousins; the dear St. Denis with its matchless ice-cream. Dorlon's oysters were unforgettable, or even Silsbee's in Brooklyn with my first beau.
>
> Our first copy of *St. Nicholas* was 1877, before I was born. What illustrators Mary Mapes Dodge could secure! Birch with his fetching long black stockings; Addie Ledyard's witching eyelashes; Rose Müller's quaint children; Francis's perky little cats with their sashes and neckties. And oh, the stories—what treasures! Later an uncle gave me *Harper's Young People*, and there, too, I met the best of children's literature. Thanks to the gods that I was then a child.

A. B. D. M. adds something that shows the far-flung circulation of this review:

> By the way, *The Saturday Review* goes to Martin Armstrong in Sussex through the friend who lends it first to me, and then often on to Kenya, Africa, to the Oswald Sitwells, cousins of Osbert.

Clarence Stratton, Cleveland, Ohio, reminds me that there are 202 pictures of stage sets, etc., in his "Theatron" published by Holt, a big book about the little theatre—indeed, about the theatre in general. I should have remembered to put this into the list for the stage-sets inquirer.

E. W., New York, says:

> You omitted from your list of books about the Lost Dauphin Mary Hartwell Catherwood's novel, "Lazarre" (evidently a corruption of "Eleazar"). I remember as well as the novel a piano piece with the same title; the first fairly difficult piece, I believe, that I ever studied after graduating from the primary exercise book for the piano. Others were Neil Moret's "Poppies" and his "The Gondolier," with a nice blue and black cover by Gene Buck, of all people. . . . Additions to the list of science novels: Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith"; Conan Doyle's "The Poison Belt."

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Missionary Work

THE following paragraph, inconspicuous in its lack alike of heading and (thank heaven) of signature), was printed in this department in the issue for April 22nd:

> A hitherto unpublished story by Ernest Hemingway, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," will appear this month as the second in the series of Crown Octavos issued by House of Books, Ltd., of 555 Madison Avenue, New York. The issue will comprise 350 copies priced at $2.50 each. The book will be designed by Peter Beilenson and printed at the Walpole Printing Office. The proprietors promise that the punctuation of the title will be correct, as here indicated.

In its condition of pristine innocence, as it left Underwood on its way to Mergenthaler, this intelligence was identical with the version just quoted in wording and identical, quantitatively, in pointing. But somewhere along the journey a rude violation befell. Blatantly proclaimed exactness put on inexactness; the hurrahed comma was plucked up by the roots and transplanted in inhospitable soil, and forthwith a zealot abandoned fine linen for sackcloth.

For I was desperately *touché* in one of the trivia concerning which I am perpetually fanatic. I am wont to interrupt rudely and promptly when a colloquist is betrayed into "different than" (even if Warren G. Harding did once use it in a veto message—the old *Tribune* delicately corrected him, but the *Times* and the Government Printing Office did not, and no more they should have); I protest at explicatory length when "dock" is uttered where "wharf" or "pier" is meant (a losing battle this, for the irresistible juggernaut of usage is mashing the twain into one); I become offensively didactic whenever I hear a westbound train assigned an even number, or an eastbound an odd. These three worthless certainties together may be all that sets me off from the herd, but if they are all, so be it—these three, and a fourth: an irrelinquishable assurance of where to put the comma in "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen."

Do not tell me, please, that Burton E. Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse" is four thousand pages of incredibly approximate textual perfection—I acknowledge it, and am not moved (save by heart anguish) at sight of the comma preceding the adjective four times: title, first line, and the two corresponding indexes. Do not tell me that Stephen Crane called a short story "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen"—in a single letter he referred to Irving Bacheller, who accepted "The Red Badge of Courage," as "Bachellor," called his English publisher "Heinemann," wrote "hateing" and visibly altered it, and alluded to "my work at it's best." Do not tell me all this. Grandma knows best.

If you must have documented support (other documentation, I mean, than this) refer to "The Oxford Book of Carols" (Oxford, 1928), where a note following the text of "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" you will read: "'God rest you merry' means 'God keep you merry,' but the comma after 'merry' is generally misplaced." Does that suit you? I knew it years and years before 1928.

J. T. W.

For Value Received

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT 1931-1932. Edited by MARY HOUSTON WARREN. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1933. $20.

THE thirty-eighth and latest unit in this essential series is the thinnest that has been issued in many years. Its six hundred pages record the prices brought by books and autographs in seventy public sales. The 1931 manual, of 829 pages, summarized seventy-seven sales. The comparison is not of tremendous moment—one could go further back and note even greater statistical divergencies; the course of the rare book market cannot be charted with the seismographic visibility applicable to car loadings, power consumption, and junior railroad liens.

The bright particular star of the season here dissected was the Lothian sale, which had its high moment of drama in the few tense seconds during which an Indiana collector was bidding by telephone on the Collard Mansion Boccaccio (Bruges, 1476), as already related in these columns. The fact has not previously emerged, however, that a prominent New York bookseller made voluble protest to the gallery authorities even while the eager voice seven hundred miles distant was raising the bids by not too easy stages from $25,000 to $40,000. "Come, come," said the bookseller, substantially in these words and identically in these sentiments, "stagecraft is well enough in its way, but the intended effect is submerged in bathetic anticlimax when the audience can hear the machinery creaking." The gallery officials were eventually able to convince him that the telephone bids were authentic.

There was only one Lothian sale, only one Olive Branch petition, and inevitably there was not too much else in the season covered by the new manual. A few warworn stragglers from the Kern sale reappeared, shorn of much of the golden glitter of 1929; there were only fourteen firsts of "Huckleberry Finn"; there was a single copy, the first at public sale, of Tom Graham's (which is to say Sinclair Lewis's) "Hike and the Aeroplane"; a number of lots bracketed first and second issues, an excellent idea; certain acclaimed rarissima were disclosed in what approximated abundance—they were brought out by the lure of the high prices of boom days rather than by the stress of the times. Does rarity cease when five copies of a desirable first edition are sold in one season, or does rarity begin with their absorption into private hands?

J. T. W.

Cambridge and Sin

ANNALS OF AMERICAN BOOKSELLING 1638-1850. By HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1933.

SOME day a minutely-detailed, heavily-documented, abundantly-footnoted, bulkily-appendixed conspectus of bookselling in America will be initiated, and many, many days later, if there be enough initiators and if they apply themselves diligently to the task, are sprung of longevous strains, and hew stoutly and inexorably to the line, the definitive history of bookselling in America will be issued. The field offers vast potentialities for copy and for hard labor; scattered tumuli and cairns and potholes therein have been explored; no one has attempted a meticulous survey of the whole confused acreage. Certainly Mr. Boynton does not attempt it or pretend to attempt it; his readable monograph seeks rather to assemble, in small and convenient compass, "the salient facts and persons connected with bookmaking and bookselling in the British American colonies and the young republic begotten of them." By accenting personalities, all the way from Stephen Daye to John Wiley and beyond, he has given his study a narrative-dramatic quality without sacrificing compactness or exactness. The result is a comprehensive primer of bookselling in America that the seller, the buyer, and even the borrower of books can read to their entertainment as well as to their advantage.

J. T. W.

A Student Project

SEVERAL students in the class in Typography of the University of Oregon have printed, at the John Henry Nash Fine Arts Press, Cobden-Sanderson's "The Ideal Book." This essay has been printed many times, but the present issue is neatly done in a type face approximating the type of the Doves Press. It is an excellent essay for all students of printing to know. Fifty copies only have been struck off.

PURCHASERS of the modern fine sporting books of The Derrydale Press are either sportsmen, collectors of fine printing, or readers generally interested in literature who know that many of the finest works in English deal with sporting subjects. Frequently they are all three in one, for appreciation of the amenities of life is seldom confined to a single subject. To them GORDON GRAND'S new book, COLONEL WEATHERFORD AND HIS FRIENDS, is particularly commended: for the flavor of his work has been repeatedly compared with that of Sassoon, of David Gray, and of Surtees. David Gray himself calls it: "a notable contribution to sporting literature." So . . . if you can thrill to the sound of a "view halloo" from your armchair, and are the sort of person who buys permanent books rather than ephemeral, COLONEL WEATHERFORD is your book.

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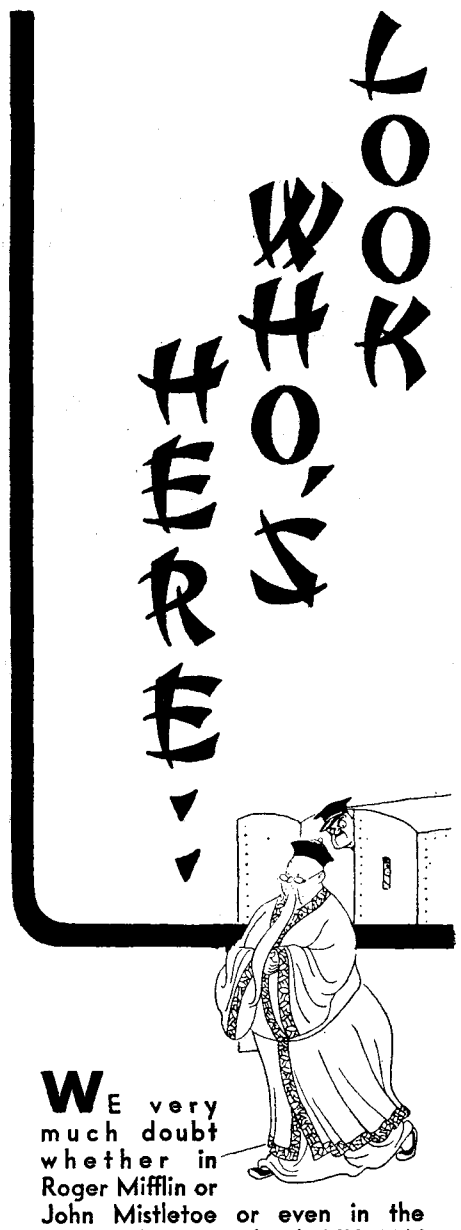


WE very much doubt whether in Roger Mifflin or John Mistletoe or even in the hero of that great book, HUMAN BEING, Christopher Morley has created a finer person than the Old Mandarin.

He trudges about New York, through our country, seeing things with eyes bright with the knowledge that was centuries old before our noisy merry-go-round started its giddy whirl.

. . .

His book might be called "Gotham Adjustables" for

My little poems, said the Old Mandarin,
Are like those modern stockings you say you wear;
They do not twist or wrinkle on the mind,
They fit every length of thought.

. . .

All New York, all of us, are in this delightful book, into which Mr. Morley packed more conclusions than he would lead you to believe. Some of the verses have appeared in THE SATURDAY REVIEW, and are tucked away lovingly in pockets and memories. Pearl S. Buck is a great enthusiast for these "Further Translations from the Chinese," as you will be when you see, in any bookshop, the charming volume, with 32 full-page illustrations by Gluyas Williams, who made the Old Mandarin's first book a joy to all of its possessors.

Christopher Morley's

MANDARIN

IN

MANHATTAN

$2. Doubleday, Doran

Trade Winds

By P. E .G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus, who remembered just in time to renew his License to Operate Motor Vehicles in the State of New York (two days later and he'd have had to take another driving test), has been visited with an extension of the idea. ☞Why not a License to Operate Literary Vehicles?

☞This timely invention, which we introduce below, is regarded as an appropriate contribution to the book trade for the occasion of the Booksellers' Convention on June 5. For the first time in several years the trade met not only with their fingers crossed but with the glint of hope in their eyes. As Fred Melcher of the *Publishers' Weekly* put it, "We've got sand under the wheels." ☞Booksellers are looking for still more improvement as a result of the industry control bill. Quercus presents the Author's License to the cause of industry control, believing that it strikes at the root of the matter.

☞The Convention made a brevity record itself by starting and finishing on the same day. During the morning the trade listened to a variety of ideas for Improving Business. The very practical afternoon session was devoted to talks by G. B. Stokke, W. W. Norton, Eugene Reynal, and Karl Placht.

☞Pre-convention excitement in the trade was caused by the announcement of a talk on "Our Opportunity under the National Industry Recovery Act." Although no member of the cautious legal profession could be persuaded to interpret an Act while it is still in the stage of a Bill, Mr. Melcher outlined the bill during the morning session, and the afternoon session was partly given over to general discussion of its possibilities. The excitement remained to provide a fertile reception for the dinner speeches, which included Hendrik Van Loon's description of John Doe Buying a Book; some unconventional remarks on book reviewing by Mr. Chamberlain, our Assistant Editor; and in spectacular conclusion, the poem which Quercus is privileged to print herewith:

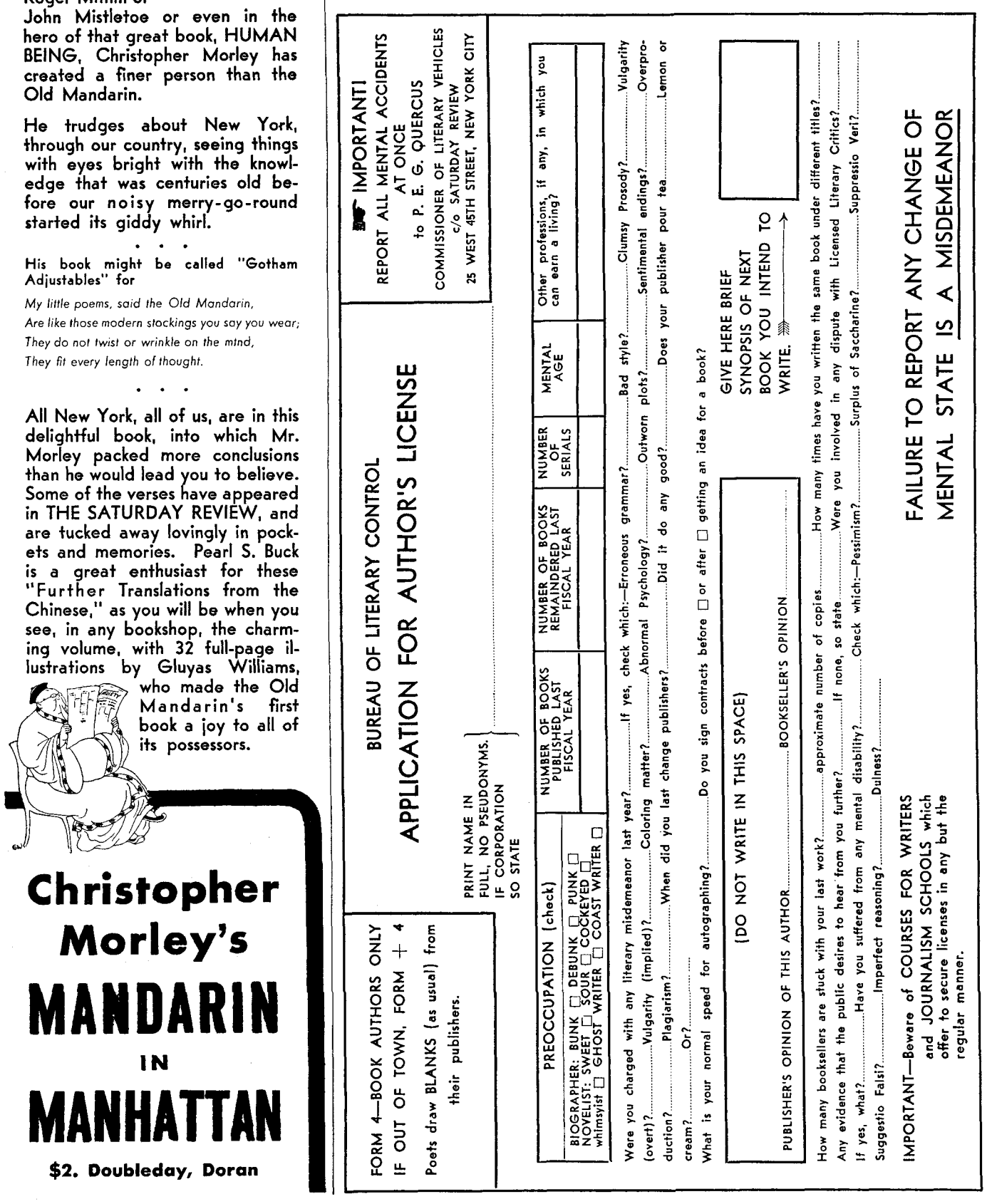
THE BOOKSELLER'S DUTCH TREAT

By OGDEN NASH

Oh the gangster eats off diamond plates
And the banker off plates of gold,
While on stolen china from a Pullman diner
The publisher's peas are rolled.
The author sups from Lily cups
With his back against the wall,
But the bookseller shares no bone of theirs,
He never eats at all.

The salesman lives on a Pullman car,
The banker on a handy yacht,
While the publisher lives on superlatives
Less credible than not.
The editor lives on the *Ile de France*
More capably to edit,
The Congress lives free on you and me,
And the bookseller lives on credit.

But Sing Sing swarms with banketeers,
And hell with scribbling folk,
And the salesman is doomed to be entombed
In a traveling salesman joke.
The urge to merge is the publisher's dirge
And the editor's hells are seven,
But the bookseller wise just up and dies
And meets his budget in heaven.



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NUMBER OF BOOKS PUBLISHED LAST FISCAL YEAR

NUMBER OF BOOKS REMAINDERED LAST FISCAL YEAR

NUMBER OF SERIALS

MENTAL AGE

Other professions, if any, in which you can earn a living?

Were you charged with any literary misdemeanor last year?.....If yes, check which:—Erroneous grammar?.....Bad style?.....Clumsy Prosody?.....Vulgarity (overt)?.....Vulgarity (implied)?.....Coloring matter?.....Abnormal Psychology?.....Overproduction?.....Plagiarism?.....When did you last change publishers?.....Did it do any good?.....Does your publisher pour tea.....Lemon or cream?.....Or?.....

What is your normal speed for autographing?.....Do you sign contracts before ☐ or after ☐ getting an idea for a book?

GIVE HERE BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF NEXT BOOK YOU INTEND TO WRITE. →

(DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE)

PUBLISHER'S OPINION OF THIS AUTHOR.....BOOKSELLER'S OPINION.....

How many booksellers are stuck with your last work?.....approximate number of copies.....How many times have you written the same book under different titles?.....

Any evidence that the public desires to hear from you further?.....If none, so state.....Were you involved in any dispute with Licensed Literary Critics?.....

If yes, what?.....Have you suffered from any mental disability?.....Check which:—Pessimism?.....Suggestio Falsi?.....Imperfect reasoning?.....Dulness?.....Surplus of Saccharine?.....Suppressio Veri?.....

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..he left a great record

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In the journal's first year he chatted with Thomas Hardy; in its last, he lunched with Michael Arlen. He talked with Kitchener, debated with Lloyd George, supped with George Moore and dined with Sinclair Lewis. H. G. Wells, Hall Caine, Max Beerbohm and Barrie were among his intimates.

From a commanding position he watched a carefree England swept into war, saw it emerge into a great struggle for reconstruction. From day to day he unconsciously recorded his own development. The idea of *The Old Wives' Tale* first appears in the journal. In it, *Mr. Prohack* and *Riceyman Steps* were born. Observantly, he caught vignettes of the life about him, vividly he set them down in his diary as material for future novels. Reading his journal, one begins to understand the working of an author's mind—glimpses what goes on behind the scenes of literary creation.

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